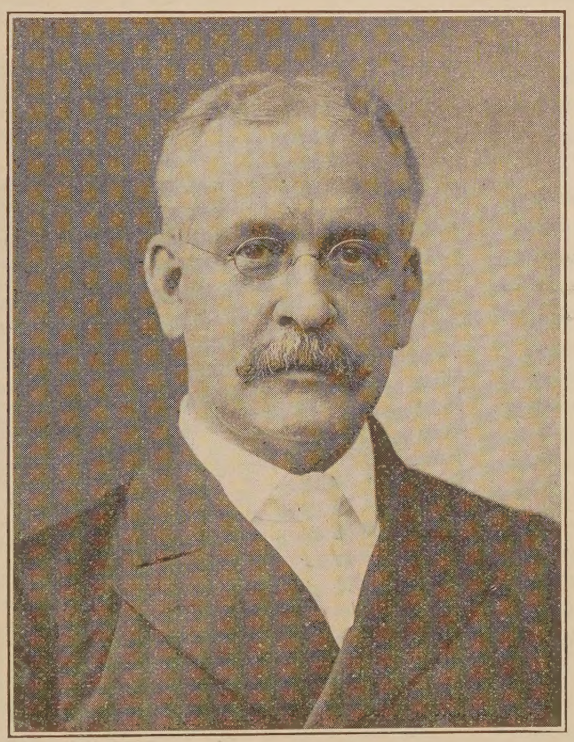
The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

December 1, 1923



FREDERICK A. BISBEE
1855 - 1923

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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—From an Editorial in the Leader.

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60th ST. CHICAGO

Who's Who in this Issue

Dr. Arthur Winslow Peirce is head master of Dean Academy and president of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist Publishing House. He is a trustee of Tufts College and president of the Franklin Library Association.

Dr. Howard Allen Bridgman is principal of Lawrence Academy at Groton, Mass. He was for ten years editor-in-chief of the *Congregationalist*. He is the author of "Steps Christward," "Real Religion," and "New England in the Life of the World."

Cyrus Edwin Dallin is one of the best known American sculptors. His most famous work is probably the "Appeal to the Great Spirit" which stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. He also executed the statue of Anne Hutchinson in the Massachusetts State House and of Massasoit at Plymouth.

Walter Gabell is organizer and president of the Northern Central Trust Company of Philadelphia, one of the strong and growing banks of the North Broad Street district. He is a member of the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, as his father and mother before him, and a large family of brothers and sisters now are. He has been connected with the Murray Grove Association for some years and lately has accepted the position as president of the Association.

Dr. Frederic W. Perkins, Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, Dr. Edwin C. Sweetesr, Dr. Marion D. Shutter, Dr. Frederick W. Betts, Dr. James F. Albion, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, Dr. Charles R. Tenney, Rev. Harold H. Niles and Dr. Harold Marshall are all ministers of the Universalist Church and too well known to need further introduction.

* *

Some day, maybe, Peace will break out, and how few of us will be adequately prepared. (*New York Evening Post.*)

* *

The man or the woman who practises self-control is said to be cold, unnatural, inartistic. However, it requires more than a mist of adjectives to obscure that sturdy virtue. He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city. Certainly a man too weak to rule himself would be too weak to capture anything except a Freudian complex. To be ruled by this or that emotion is no indication of superiority; it is rather an admission of inability to cope with the complexities of living. Self-control is not some hazy virtue which sat well on the Pilgrim fathers and is now out of place among our Fords and floor lamps. (*Thelma Beatty Krussell, in Zion's Herald.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 105th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVI No. 48

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER

WHILE Dr. Bisbee's nearness to death has been on our minds for several years now, the news that he has gone from us saddens us anew. It is hard to think of his brave, unconquerable spirit succumbing at last to the ills of this flesh, but in his going we are reminded by all his life of the mightiness of the spirit and its supremacy over the body.

Others will tell of the varied activities which have made him a leader in our Church life. Two things especially have impressed themselves on my mind of which I must speak. First, his utter and complete devotion to the cause of the Universalist Church. No one connected with the Publishing House could fail to appreciate how much of service he gave, a service far beyond any possible recompense and always given without thought of pecuniary return to himself. Often he labored under great stress of physical disability, and sometimes of torturing pain, yet always with the same cheerful determination to do his work well. He was a model editor for a Church paper—progressive, yet sane; enthusiastic, yet level-headed; bold and decided in utterance, yet always with charity and appreciation of the other man's point of view. Like the great scientist who has recently died, he was content with sufficient for his daily needs and never was ambitious even for his deserts. The Universa ist Publishing House owes him a debt of gratitude for his singularly self-forgetful devotion to its interests and through its agency to the Church at large.

Within the last years of his life his one great idea was to create a sufficient endowment to give the Publishing House, and especially the *Universalist Leader*, the means to do an adequate work. He put much thought and prayer into these plans and apparently they were moving toward fruition. When, however, the plans for the Million Dollar Drive were brought forward, he cheerfully let his own cherished ambition be put aside for the greater effort. He could march in the line as well as at the head of the procession. God give us more such.

Then, too, Dr. Bisbee was an example to us all of how splendidly a man can meet life and triumph over physical handicap and weakness. Crippled he might be in body; he was serene, even radiant, in mind and spirit. In these last years when life brought him sorrow and much pain, he seemed to live above these things and still radiated good cheer in his written words in the *Leader* and in his personal conversation. What would have broken the spirit of most men seemed to bring out in him the enduring qualities of a great soul. He met sorrow, pain and death with head erect and soul unafraid. He was, indeed, the Captain of his Soul.

To the Church which he loved he leaves a legacy of unequaled service, to us as individuals the example of the man triumphant through difficulties, radiating good cheer and always kindled by a high spiritual vision.

Arthur W. Peirce,
President Board of Trustees,
Universalist Publishing House.

* *

THE WELL IN THE VALLEY OF BACA

BLESSED is the man . . . in whose heart are the ways of them: who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well. (Psa. 84 : 5, 6.)

The Well in the Valley of Baca is the subject of one of the most tender and beautiful of Francis Greenwood Peabody's "Afternoons in the College Chapel."

"Baca means weeping," he tells us. "The valley of Baca is the place of trouble, or desolation, or regret; that dry, sterile, desert, unwelcome valley through which one in his journey has to pass."

In meeting the troubles of life, Dr. Peabody tells us, also, some seek "to go around them," evade them, escape them; and some go straight through them, bearing them courageously and stoically.

"Suppose, however," says Dr. Peabody, "that instead of dodging trouble or just bearing it, it is possible for you to make it a source of life and strength, suppose that the very circumstances which had seemed to you most overwhelming can be converted by you into refreshment and health for other souls—would not that explain at last why this dreaded valley of Baca lay thus on your road? Blessed is the man who coming there maketh a well."

Repeatedly since Dr. Bisbee died have these words been coming back to us who knew him most intimately as accurate description and interpretation of his life.

He never sought to evade his trouble, for he could

not if he would, although all that science could do for him he had done and it unquestionably prolonged his life. He bore his pain and trouble silently and stoically. As Dr. Hall put it, "he never whined." But that grim courage was not the whole of it. His years of pain made him marvelously tender and compassionate, sympathetic with all the handicapped and all the sorrowing.

He dug a deep well in his own life out of which he brought the refreshing waters of health and cheer for all the world. Many a man weary and heavy laden found a new access of strength and hope, conversing with him. And literally also was it proved in his life—"the heavens above conspired with the effort of his will." The rain of God filled the deep pools.

* *

GOODSPEED ON BETTER BIBLES

PROF. EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, of the University of Chicago, recently published a translation of the New Testament. As he is a scholar of distinction, as his work was a real contribution, and as of necessity that kind of work is more or less "a labor of love," we might expect that his countrymen would express appreciation and gratitude. This is not altogether true, however. A western paper caustically says that Dr. Goodspeed is not a better authority in the classics or in English than the many great authorities who combined to produce the King James Version.

An Ohio paper remarks that "improvements in the New Testament and the American flag will hardly appeal to very many people."

A New York paper said: "Our age is no more competent to revise the King James Version than was Sir Philip Sidney to adjust the valves of a gas engine."

Professor Goodspeed dealt frankly with these criticisms in the first of the Wm. Vaughan Moody lectures at the University of Chicago, and the fact that the Associated Press carried several hundred words of the lecture is a sure indication of the interest the public has in this matter. Professor Goodspeed said:

> "It would surprise these editors to know how much better a Greek text we have to work upon than any one had 300 years ago. Their Greek text was based upon a hasty study of thirty or forty manuscripts, none of them very old or very accurate. Where they knew forty Greek manuscripts we know 4,000, and the best of these are vastly older and better than any they knew of.
>
> "The Greek language, too, is far better understood to-day than it was 300 years ago, and the New Testament student has immeasurably better helps, in the way of grammars, lexicons, concordances, commentaries and treatises, than existed then. The whole vast contribution of the inscriptions and the papyri was then literally undreamed of. Are we to shut our eyes to all this?
>
> "The editors insist that the ordinary man has no difficulty in understanding the New Testament in the traditional versions. Yet the minister of the Chicago night church recently made and printed a new translation of the gospel of John, just because the one in ordinary use was not intelligible to his people. What does 'It shall turn to you for a testimony' mean in Luke 21 : 13? or 'they make broad their phylacteries,' in Matthew 23 : 5? or 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance' in Romans 11 : 25? or 'Be not many masters' in James 3 : 1? or 'I am he that searcheth the reins,' in Revelation 2 : 23? Pages of these obscurities could easily be collected. There is hardly a page of the authorized version that is free from them.
>
> "Retranslation and revision of the English New Testament have been a continuous process in England or America for 300 years, or ever since the time of William Tyndale, except for a space of sixty or seventy years after the Restoration, when English religious and moral life was at its lowest ebb. The King James Version itself was revised three times within thirty years, and ever since John Wesley's fine revision of 1755, dozens of new translations and new revisions have been made in England or America, by such men as Archbishop Newcomb, Dean Alford, Charles Thompson, the secretary of the American House of Representatives, and Noah Webster, the author of the famous dictionary, It may safely be said that in the history of English and American Christianity every period of vigorous religious life has been attended with attempts to retranslate the New Testament.
>
> "The English New Testament ought not to need a glossary and a commentary to make it intelligible. The early English translators from Tyndale to King James aimed to make it understandable to the ordinary man of their day, which is just what I have sought to do for the modern American reader."

Nothing is of much greater value than honest work to make the Bible or anything else better understood by the ordinary man. In the last analysis nothing is more closely related to progress, or even continued existence on this planet, than understanding.

We feel sympathy with those who declare that the majestic harmonies of the King James Version lie so deep in the consciousness of our English-speaking race that nothing can take their place. We gladly acknowledge the power which lies in the beautiful passages we learned in childhood, and in the thought that our nearest and our dearest found in the old Bible unchanging comfort and strength; but there is no reason why we should drop the King James Version because we take up others. "All things are yours." We have the old version for music and sacred association. We have the new versions for sense.

We welcome the translation of Dr. Goodspeed. At the same time we recognize that, difficult as it may be to get the work of scholars properly appraised by the masses, much more difficult is it to get any version read and pondered. We are losing immeasurably in neglecting the Book.

* *

FOR THE CREDIT SIDE OF THE WORLD LEDGER

DR. SIDNEY L. GULICK is one of the oldest of the American friends of Japan and China. We had an opportunity to see something of the welcome given to him by the Japanese in Tokyo and Kobe.

Now he is back in the United States shattering some of our doubts and superstitions concerning the East by the simple process of telling the facts both by voice and pen. At the World Council meetings in Philadelphia and at Chautauqua he pointed out "a

miracle of the ages: Millions of men of the yellow race have come to believe that there are good white men whom they can understand and who can understand them. That could not have been said a hundred years ago."

In a period when all of us are crying out about "misunderstanding," "fear," "doubt," "suspicion," "approaching cataclysms," "downfall of civilization," it is cheering to put this great fact on the other side of the ledger. There is definite progress in understanding between the West and the East. Men like Dr. Gulick help us along.

What is both an explanation of the thing which has happened and a call to help it on may be found in what he says of "the renaissance" of the East. The masses want the new learning. The principal of a Commercial College said to Dr. Gulick: "We have 2,000 taking examinations to-day and we know we can only admit 125." "Doshisha College," said Dr. Gulick, "admitted 500 and turned away 700. In Korea, in China and in the Philippines, the governments are utterly unable to supply schools."

Wherever Christianity goes there grows up a desire for knowledge..

The missionaries sometimes have taught errors but they have established schools, and schools have freed minds and started men on the quest for truth.

That fellowship of truth seekers in every land is the most powerful unifying influence on earth. A new understanding comes from their efforts.

In helping schools, starting schools, establishing scholarships, bringing over pupils, sending over teachers, we can promote this new understanding on which so much hinges.

* *

BUDGET MAKING AND BUDGET BREAKING

A BUDGET is a financial estimate of the needs of a government, an organization or an individual for a fixed period of time, generally one year. It is a statement in black and white at the beginning of a year of money to be spent during that year, and for what purposes.

In our Universalist General Convention at Providence by rising vote we adopted the budget system. Not many seemed to realize that it was a momentous and epoch-making event, and that henceforth we were to be diligent and orderly in business as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Louis Annin Ames, who presented the report of the Committee, realized what was involved. He declined to run for president of the Convention and he has refused to accept the presidency of the Comrades, that he may do the work of chairman of the Budget Committee of the Board of Trustees.

Just what is involved in this change? It means that we must have foresight. We must plan out ahead. We must cut our bread to fit our butter. We must churn and get the butter needed for the bread we break.

It means, for example, that after we plan and adopt a budget carrying $7,000 for education the Board can not, cut of budget funds, harken to a cry for help, however Macedonian, not included in the budget. If great emergencies come there will have to be special appeals like that for Japan last September, but nothing short of a cataclysm ought to justify special appeals outside the budget once we get cleaned up and fairly started.

It means that if we don't put a salary for a Social Service Director in the budget, the establishment of that office or any other office needed will have to wait until we make a new budget.

It means careful consideration in advance and heroic courage afterward.

Director Lord, head of the budget for the United States, probably will be the most hated man in the Government before he gets through.

That ought not to be so in a Christian Church, especially if it is a democratic Church like own own, where we do it ourselves. Nor of all people ought ministers to get unhappy over the action of officials denying applications not provided for in the budget.

We are going to have our troubles with budget making, and especially with sticking to budgets once made, but this need not be serious if we employ just a little of the brain power and a great deal of the Christian gentleness, courtesy and consideration with which the good God has endowed us.

* *

NOTHING CONTRADICTORY

WE have received inquiries as to why we referred editorially in a recent issue to a deficit of $18,000 in the funds of the Women's National Missionary Association, while the *Bulletin* of the Association referred to the necessity of raising a fund of $25,000 to cover the same deficit. What Mrs. Allen, the national president, writes is: "$25,000 is the amount we shall need to raise for the sinking fund. This covers the deficits, the interest due the funds borrowed from and the auditor's bill, which will total $25,000. I made this statement because Mr. Merrill, auditor, told me that would be needed to cover everything."

We are happy to make this explanation, and renew our recommendation that Universalists everywhere lend a hand to these brave and devoted women who are carrying on such a noble work for the Church.

* *

Death of Mrs. Cooper

Mrs. Washington L. Cooper died at her apartments in the Hotel Beresford, New York City, Nov. 23. She was a daughter of the late George Dockstader of New York, and a member for many years of the Church of the Divine Paternity. Dr. Frank O. Hall, for eighteen years her pastor in New York, went on for the funeral, which was held Sunday, Nov. 25, 1923, at 4 p. m., in the church. Dr. Hall will write a tribute for the *Leader*. Few more consecrated, useful lives have been lived among us than the life of Sarah Dockstader Cooper.

* *

Reviewing recently the life of "Alexander Duff" by William Paton, we omitted to say that this interesting and useful book is published by the George H. Doran Co., New York, has 240 pages and is sold for $1.50.

The Early Life of Frederick A. Bisbee

FREDERICK A. BISBEE, for twenty-five years Editor of the *Universalist Leader*, was born Feb. 28, 1855, at Nunda, N. Y., and died at Miami, Florida, Nov. 15, 1923. He was therefore nearly sixty-nine years of age.

The outline of his life is given by "Who's Who" as follows: "Born, Nunda, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1855, son Hiram Alonzo and Mary Jane (Hand) B.; B. D., Tufts College, 1877, S. T. D. from same 1897. Married Hannah T. Bradley of Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 1, 1880 (died 1886). Married Matty Gally of San Jose, Calif., June 28, 1891 (died 1921). Ordained Universalist ministry 1877; pastor Church of Our Father, Spencer, Mass., 1877-83, Church of Restoration, Philadelphia, 1883-98; Editor-in-chief *Universalist Leader*, Boston, since 1898; editor and publisher monthly review *To-day*, Philadelphia, 1895. Secretary Pennsylvania Universalist State Convention 1885-98. Member Religious Education Association, International Congress of Religious Liberals. Republican. Clubs: Contemporary (Phila.); National Liberal (London) Hon.; Press, Universalist (Boston); Tufts College Club. Author: A Summer Flight, 1911; History of Young People's Christian Union, 1914; A California Pilgrimage, 1915; From Good Luck to Gloucester, 1921. Non-resident lecturer Tufts College and St. Lawrence University. Member International Peace Union."

On his father's side, he was of English stock; on his mother's side he was Dutch, the maternal ancestors coming from Amsterdam, Holland. In old English, the name Bisbee was spelled Byxpytch. When it reached the United States, the spelling was Besbedge.

The earliest Bisbee in this country was Thomas Besbedge, who came with a large family in the ship "Hercules," landing at Scituate, Mass., 1634. The family became scattered throughout the Plymouth colony, where they took part in the beginnings of the American Revolution, twenty-seven of them, it is said, having fought on the American side.

Immediate predecessors of the present Bisbees settled in Scituate, where the father of the family ran the ferry from Scituate to North Scituate. Later one of his sons emigrated to western Massachusetts. Still later another descendant and his family went to western New York and settled in the town of Ossian, about four or five miles from Nunda, where they became so numerous that it was known as Bisbee Settlement, and so appeared on the early maps of New York state.

From there F. A. Bisbee's grandfather and mother emigrated to Michigan, where Hiram, Frederick's father, was born. Later Hiram A. Bisbee returned to western New York and became a miller at Nunda. There he married Mary Jane Hand and became the miller at a little suburb known as Coopersville.

Frederick Bisbee's mother, Mary Jane Hand, was from Dutch ancestors who settled in the Mohawk valley not far from Albany. From there her parents went to Livingston County, where they were farmers, and there she married Hiram Bisbee. Mary Jane Hand had several brothers and sisters, and of these Wells and Mark Hand played the most active parts in Fred's life.

Frederick Bisbee was the second child of Hiram and Mary J. Bisbee. The older brother, H. H. Bisbee, born two years before Frederick, is still living at Binghamton, N. Y.

Speaking of his early years, Dr. Bisbee once said this:

"I was born in a big, square frame house across the street from my father's mill in Coopersville, N. Y. The old house is still standing, by the Kishaqua creek. I guess I was husky enough, for I had every disease a child ever has. My father inherited his physique from me! He was short and chunky but my mother was tall and slender. We always called her 'Ma.' "

Leaving Coopersville, the family lived in various towns in that county, wherever the father's work called them. These included Dansville, Mt. Morris, Portage and Hunt's Hollow. Portage is the one best remembered, as there Fred lived from about his sixth to his tenth year.

At Portage the family lived in a little red house built against the foot of a steep hill. School life began there, and there Fred earned his first money by gathering chestnuts during the Civil War, when they were in demand. His father took the money to invest in sheep, but the man who was to keep the sheep sold them and disappeared, so it was a total loss. Fred's chief interests were fishing in the Kishaqua creek for speckled trout, which he claimed were never equaled to his knowledge since, and trapping muskrats to sell skins at ten cents each.

Fred was nine years old when the family moved to Binghamton, where the father was to get $65 a month in a big flour mill, and Fred says, "We had never in the world expected to be so rich." A big fire shortly after moving there so interested the boys that for some years their favorite pastime was going to fires, and Harlow, his brother, joined the fire department as soon as he was old enough, serving thirty-two years, and now being retired with a fireman's pension, after reaching the position of chief engineer for the department in Binghamton.

Dr. Bisbee began his schooling in Portage, N. Y. Again we are fortunate enough to be able to let him tell of those days himself:

"There were two schoolhouses and as we were equally distant from them we alternated, going first to one and then the other. We walked the distance. In the long, cold winter, mother was afraid we would freeze our feet, so before starting we had to run around the house barefooted in the snow and then pull on heavy stockings after we had our circulation going.

"One of the schoolhouses was octagonal and built of brick. The desks were around the inside and the teacher sat against a blank wall. This was known as the brick schoolhouse, and the other was frame. In winter we had men as teachers because the big boys were fighters. I was not big enough to fight and was generally on the side of the teacher, probably because my sense of justice was strong then and I never cared for any knock down and drag out business.

"I was not very studious. My parents used to

call attention to the fact that I could never amount to anything. I had a cousin fond of books and he was to be President of the United States. When we grew up, however, I went pegging along in my own humble way and he went to prison.

"In the Binghamton school, my brother and I were about the greenest country boys that ever lived. There, however, I found in the library John L. Stevens' books of travels and explorations in Central America. I determined then that sometime I must go there and see the wonders, but I had no such prospect because my parents were very poor, but I hung on to the idea and did get there at thirty-three years of age.

"While I was sick, from fourteen to sixteen years old, my Uncle Wells Hand was at the Divinity School at Tufts College and on his way to and from there often stopped at Binghamton, and finally proposed that I return with him to college, so at sixteen I went with him and there I was frankly informed I could not enter the school, because I did not know enough. But I had a good friend in Prof. William G. Tousey, a friend of the family who was born in Nunda. He arranged that I should take the courses and if at the end of the term I could pass the examinations, I should be regularly admitted.

"When I went to college it did not matter to me whether or not I went into the ministry, it was simply a chance to get an education. When I arrived I had fifteen cents and a new suit of clothes. At the end of the first term my name appeared in the catalogue and I began drawing $125 a year from the General Convention. Dr. Sawyer tutored me a little in English grammar, but much else I simply absorbed from the atmosphere.

"I roomed with Wells in Middle Hall (now Packard at Tufts College), and as we had to save money we organized the tribe of Modoc Indians, numbering eight, and I paid my share by being cook and dishwasher. I was not a very good housekeeper, and cooking consisted of oatmeal for breakfast and supper, and sometimes at noon we would get meat roasted at the bakery in Medford. Anyway we got through without any of us becoming diseased.

"The Modocs continued for two school years. I could not afford to go home in vacations so I stayed with other students at college. We cooked for ourselves, frequently living on fish, that packed in so thick on the dam of Alewife brook that we knocked them on shore with clubs. During the summer I visited around among friends, sometimes at the Tingleys' in Chelsea and occasionally at Dr. Patterson's in Roxbury. At times I was not very well nourished. Mrs. Tousey ran across me on the campus and thought I was looking badly and said 'Come to my house for breakfasts.' That was one of the great events of my life because those were such wonderful breakfasts and I went regularly for about two weeks."

In college, in spite of physical limitations, Bisbee was invited to join the boat crew and did so. He used to get up at 4.30 or 5 a. m. and walk to Medford and pull down the river to Charlestown and back again, although the way was so crooked that no good time could be made. He says: "We never raced but we could get the exercise and talk about Tufts' crew. I think I rowed No. 3 and it was a remarkable thing that my shoulder did not stop me." Throughout his life he was an exceptionally strong oarsman and could handle a boat of any kind almost anywhere, often proving more powerful than other men if caught in a current and having to row a load upstream.

"At times," he says, "my leg bothered me, but I was very anxious to be in all athletic sports, so I entered in the walking race at Mystic Park, where, by the way, we had seen Maud S., the famous horse, win honors as we watched through a telescope from the top of Ballou Hall. I found it a long way around the course but it proved I had the right spirit. We practised around the Reservoir. I did not have my high shoe then and it brought my hip joint into action, so that it was probably the cause of the final breakdown."

Besides the athletic activities, Bisbee was a leader with Austin B. Fletcher and Wm. B. Hooper in the selection of the college colors for Tufts as well as in starting the *Tuftonian*.

The divinity school was in somewhat of a decline when Bisbee entered. There had been fifteen pupils in the class of '75. The class of '76 had only one and the class of '77 had seven, including Bisbee, H. S. Whitman, Professor Woodbridge, Charles H. Eaton, Vail, Barnes and Goldsmith.

After midyears of the third year, Bisbee began to preach regularly. The chief things that he says he remembers about the senior year are a high hat and sidewhiskers. Supply preaching by then was bringing in about $10 a Sunday, "enough to live on for a week." Dr. Bisbee accepted a pastorate in Spencer, Mass., and had already started there when he graduated in June, 1877. He stood second in his class and his graduating thesis was on "Forms in Worship."

He was handicapped, or blessed, by physical infirmity from early years. Even intimate friends knew little about details of his illness. He radiated health and cheer in spite of pain. In the last few months, at the urgent request of colleagues on the *Leader*, he set down some facts which now become of importance, for they let us see how remarkable an achievement his life was and what sublime courage he showed.

He was only fourteen when he was taken with a baffling illness while visiting an uncle. Two boys of the neighborhood, stricken at the same time and in the same way, died. Dr. Bisbee spoke of this illness as inflammatory rheumatism, but an aunt said nobody knew what it was. For days at a time he was delirious. In an interesting way he describes the getting better and going home.

"I stayed there two or three months," said he, "and then my mother felt we must get home. My father was a Mason and all the Masons joined in a message to the railroad passenger agent to get the train to stop there, so it pulled in with one of the first Pullmans ever used. I was carried in on a cot bed through the freight car to the Pullman aisle.

"Then I was sick for two years. I had my bed across the front window of the house, opposite the mill and the dam. One night there was a big fire at the mill and we were confident that the owner had hired it set. I enjoyed the experience of lying in bed looking at the burning mill while firemen kept throwing water on our house, as the danger to ourselves did not impress

me. That fire threw my father out of a job, and he took up almost anything he could get to do, including carpentering."

As a result of this illness, abcesses formed in the left arm and right hip, and bones began disintegrating and coming out. The doctors were afraid to operate as there were no x-ray facilities, but finally Fred himself drew out a three-inch piece of bone from the shoulder. Caustic was used to work away the proud flesh. Although the methods were crude, Dr. Bisbee has insisted proudly, "I don't believe that the best surgery could have given me a better shoulder." It healed completely with the left arm about two inches shorter than the right, and with complete use of the arm except that it could not be raised more than half way out from the body.

The ball of the ball and socket joint in the hip came off and the bone slipped past the socket and an artificial joint was formed. Through over use of the left leg when walking with a cane and through a fall or two, the left hip finally gave way worse than the one originally affected. It finally became so bad that he was frequently in hospitals and at the time he met the second Mrs. Bisbee, then a nurse in a private hospital in Philadelphia, he was a patient there and hot irons were being used to cauterize the hip—literal burning with a hot poker, the scars remaining all his life.

He used crutches during his early pastorates, but could not afford them through college, sometimes walking from Boston to Tufts College with one or two canes, to save carfare. After the period of hot iron cauterizing he was obliged to sit while preaching for several years, and later a special stool was made for him so that he could bear his weight on it but appear to be standing. At intervals thereafter he has sat when preaching, in 1901 doing so on a lecture tour all through the South.

About 1912 Dr. Joel E. Goldthwaite of Boston devised a stiff elastic support for him and after almost a lifetime on crutches he abandoned them for a cane, which seemed sufficient for several years, during which time he took long trips to Europe and elsewhere. He had more freedom with his hands through use of a cane, but the elastic support could of course not be wholly comfortable. In 1920, at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., x-rays showed that he had no hip joints, the bones having slipped past the socket in both hips until he was supported only by a tremendously strong hammock of muscle. Walking was growing more difficult, but his shoulder could not stand the strain of crutches again, so his going about became more and more limited, although his work continued as usual. By that time he had given up most preaching trips.

During his Philadelphia pastorate he was in ill health a good deal of the time, and had two periods in hospitals, once in Washington and once in Philadelphia, having some trips to Florida in between, going with various parties of men in the Church.

Through at least half his life he suffered with severe headaches, seldom more than three weeks apart and seldom lasting less than twenty-four hours, commonly confining him to his bed while they lasted. Of specific illnesses, he had pneumonia quite severely after coming to Boston, but gained well after the crisis. Within a year or two after that he fainted on the street, when making a church call, and was found to have ulcers of the intestine. There were nine doctors on the case in all, his old Philadelphia physician, Dr. Weston D. Bayley, having been called from Philadelphia for the consultation. Dr. Bayley stood practically alone in saying that he had a chance, and he gave him hardly more than one chance in ten. The hospital information desk repeatedly told people he would not leave alive. Mrs. Bisbee was given permission to go on duty with him herself in the day time. He was finally taken to Provincetown and there Dr. Edwin Smith attempted the seemingly impossible and succeeded, until Dr. Bisbee could move farther up the Cape to a lake where he might resume his fishing. A summer there made him seem nearly well, but the doctors promised only a year or two at best for him to live. That fall he went with his son, Jack, to England to recuperate, and had a sharp relapse there and was ordered by London surgeons to have an immediate operation. He however determined to reach home and by living on buttermilk for nearly two weeks he arrived able to walk down the gangplank. No operation was ever performed and he resumed his work and regained better health than before.

Aside from headaches and periods of general strain and exhaustion, he had no further critical illnesses of any duration until October, 1922, when he went South for the last time, and was taken sick the day after arriving and lapsed into a coma from which he was not expected to revive. Then came the final year of invalidism, but he retained all his faculties so that every moment of comparative health could be used for his work. The last two months he seemed in many ways better than for three or four years previously, and had abandoned his wheeled chair for his crutches around the house and yard. During the year, however, he had repeated relapses, any one of which might have been the last except for constant care by a nurse and competent doctor. Repeatedly he sank lower and lower and then started the long upward climb again, getting just a little farther each time. Finally, after a week of excellent health a chill caught him when he was cheerfully playing a game with his nurse. Within a few hours uremic poisoning had done its work, leaving him unconscious, and every resource failed to revive him. He died peacefully.

There is a close connection between his early illness and his interest in writing. Prior to his illness he had been a reader of dime novels, which he always claimed were not as bad as painted. During his illness he read the *New York Ledger* and *New York Weekly*, which ran serial novels of the same character that he found stimulating to the imagination and the spirit of heroism.

While still in bed he began his journalistic career.

"As soon as I could sit up," he said, "a cousin who was a printer gave me a little press and a font of plain type and so I began the printing game, and with that font of just one kind of plain type I used to print return envelopes, and after a little bought more type so I could print letter heads, and I made a little money out of that. About that time I began to write poetry. My first poem, published in the *Binghamton Leader* when I was sixteen years of age, had the extraordinary

title, 'I'm Seventy To-day.' It was the meditation of a man of seventy who would not believe his age." He wrote for amateur papers under the name of Paraquet and after writing a story for the *Youth's Monthly*, Philadelphia, he became quite intimate by correspondence with a boy on the editorial staff of that paper. That boy was Horace Traubie, later friend and biographer of Walt Whitman, but Fred Bisbee never met Traubie until one time years later when the latter attended his church in Philadelphia.

Then Bisbee wrote a story too long for the amateur papers, and he advertised that he would sell it as a serial for $1. He was overwhelmed at receiving $3 by return mail, so he sent the story and hurried to write two more. They were mostly Wild West and Indian fighting stories, made up largely of dime novel ideas. He became one of the editors of the *Youth's Monthly*, but continued to write for all the amateur publications and conducted puzzle departments for some of them.

"After my illness," said Dr. Bisbee, "when I could get across the river into town on my crutches, I became as nearly wild as I ever was. I became a reporter on the *Binghamton Times*, doing space work, wandering around town to find anything to fill space. I was shrewd in those days. For example, some bones were found where a canal was being dug and we thought they were human bones, so I had a story to that effect. Later they found them to be animal bones, but I let my story go in and the next day I wrote the correction, which made another story and I was paid for both.

"I spent my money as fast as I got it. I used to work up to three or four a. m. and then go home. One night I stumbled on a dead man and was scared to death. I finally went back and rolled him over and found he was simply drunk. I rolled him on to the grass and made a little story on him."

During college Bisbee was one of the first directors of the college publishing association. While he was in college the first edition of the *Tuftonian* was issued and he was a prominent factor in its interests that year.

While in Philadelphia, Dr. Bisbee did a good deal of publishing, of circulars, etc., and issued two magazines. The first was a church magazine monthly called *Good News*. With Merrick Whitcomb, he started *To-day*, which was to be a popular literary, economic and social review. It was financially disastrous, but its circulation reached nearly every country on the face of the globe. It was finally consolidated with the *Universalist Leader* and two years later Dr. Bisbee came to Boston as editor of the *Leader*.

Of his work on the *Leader*, Dr. Bridgman of the *Congregationalist* and Dr. Newton, for some time one of the editors of the *Christian Century*, write in this issue. The files of the *Leader* for twenty-five years show how prolific and how incisive a writer he was, and how everything he wrote reflected the noble character he wrought out in suffering.

His religious and church experience as he describes it is likewise of fascinating interest:

"We were a very Methodistic religious people, and we had some wicked relatives who came, and they had two sisters from the city, and they were very wicked, for they played cards, not bad cards, but Presbyterian euchre, which was really nothing but authors. From that game, before I ever saw the books, I familiarized myself with the authors and their works. My mother, however, being Methodist, could not stand Presbyterian euchre, especially after catching one of the cousins marking a card on the back so she could win. After that we played dominoes and checkers.

"I always went to Sunday school regularly, although I can't remember much what they taught. The only serious religious problem that ever came up in my mind was that my parents would not let us go swimming or out on rafts in the creek on Sunday, and I could not see why that was any worse than for my parents to hitch up and drive out calling on Sunday.

"As soon as I could walk I attended the Methodist Sunday school. My father and mother were both church people, and I suppose a great deal of my reading was along the lines of the Sunday school of that church, but I never was converted. When I was about twelve years old we had a great revival in Binghamton and my brother and I were sent to attend the meetings, and we always supposed we were sent with the deliberate purpose of securing our conversion or salvation, but we were hard-hearted or something. When the climax of the great revival came, my brother and I were sent to the church. As soon as we entered the door we were taken by a couple of elders and led well forward. We didn't know why, but presently the whole trend and impulse of the meeting in prayer and speech was directed straight towards us two. Soon the minister and elders came to us and asked if we didn't feel a change of heart and if we would not go up on the prayer seat, but we declined. The only decision I came to was if I once got out of there I'd never come back again, and my brother was likewise unregenerate. Our parents were anxious to know what had happened, but we were not anxious to tell, and we stuck to our determination and would not go any more.

"We agreed, however, to continue to go to Sunday school provided we could have the teacher we wanted, and that man was an open-minded school teacher. This came about. And I went and there learned the old gospel songs and picked up some practical knowledge of singing.

"As we would not go to our parents' church any more we used to go around to other churches, and were particularly attracted by the Nazarite church, especially by the noise and the wild singing and extraordinary scenes. One night the church was so full that our crowd of boys could not get in, and some one proposed we go to the Universalist church, saying it was just as much fun as the Nazarite. So we went for the fun and were so disappointed when we found no excitement that we did not remain through the service. That Universalist church was burned shortly afterwards, and there was not another in Binghamton for twenty-five years, and I eventually preached on a couple of occasions in the new one.

"Then came the time just prior to my long illness, when I spent the summer at my uncle's farm in western New York. As Uncle Wells was a Universalist, he

took me in his carriage to the Universalist church, and there I began to be interested in a liberal form of religion as something less contradictory, something I could believe and at the same time retain my self-respect. Later in Binghamton I attended Sunday school in a little Episcopal church, and the minister said I ought to learn Latin and he got a book and gave me one lesson and never had any time after that."

When he went to Tufts College to take the course in the divinity school, he did not intend to be a minister, but took the course to get an education. Later he said:

"I think during the first year I began to see some great possibilities of a career for myself and some service to humanity in the ministry. I think it was the atmosphere, for here were all these men talking about the ministry and what they would like to do in it."

He joined the Universalist church in Roxbury, where "there were the biggest prayer meetings." He says, with the downright honesty and frankness which always characterized him, "I suppose the real prick of incentive to join the church was that we had to belong to the Universalist Church in order to draw the $125 from the General Convention. Of course we had other reasons, but that probably determined the time of joining for most of us.

"All I can remember of my early theological training was that we each had to conduct chapel services, and I can recall my own struggling efforts and realizing afterwards that I had been praying not to God but to the students and members of the faculty. I knew something of the forms of religion and of religious thinking. I have always been to church and early discovered that praying was asking, and for that asking you needed a great deal of wisdom and choice, and I about came to the conclusion that there is only one prayer that any one can conscientiously make who really believes in God, and that is 'Not my will but Thine be done.' All through this time, however, we were all going to different churches in that vicinity and to prayer meetings, and there getting experience."

F. A. Bisbee's first sermon was in his Uncle Wells' church in Marlboro, N. H. At the end of the sophomore year, Bisbee spent Thanksgiving with him and preached on "Gradual Growth," the text being "First the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear." Those who have looked that sermon over in recent years, have realized that with all its crudity of expression it was not a bad sermon.

Describing his first work as a regular supply, he said: "After midyears of the third year when I could preach regularly, I read of a church in Mattapoisett which had held no services for seventeen years, but which had kept up a Sunday school. I wrote down and offered to come for expenses. We gathered the congregation together and they asked me to supply regularly, but I replied that I couldn't do that as I hadn't sermons enough, but that I would take charge and either come myself or send some of the boys. The church stayed open twenty-five years after that, Charlie Tenney being the first regular pastor and being much loved there yet.

"I tried to get up sermons enough to go every other week. They were pretty thin stuff but I received a very thin salary, averaging $3 to $5 over expenses. But we did good work and finally held some meetings with big men such as Mason and Patterson, and reorganized the church and took in many members. I remember one old man, eighty-eight years old, who joined the church.

"During that time we were doing a good deal of sermon work for criticism. Professor Leonard used to criticise much, although he was apparently very fond of me. He thought me too poetic, but my answer was that I would use the rhythm anyway in my voice and I might as well have it in words, also.

"I began going around to a great many other parishes. We studied our church register more carefully in those days than we did our text books. Whenever there was a vacancy we arranged to supply. It was at that time that I was called as pastor to Spencer to start after graduation at $900 a year."

He was ordained and installed in the Spencer church. Dean Leonard preached the sermon and Dr. Patterson had an important part in the service. The divinity school quartette, consisting of Charles Tenney, Stanford Mitchell, Albert White and Ellwood Nash, sang. The service was held in Grand Army Hall, where services continued for five years, Mr. Bisbee having to climb two long flights of stairs each time. After five years, however, money was raised for a new church.

In conducting services he says he was rather obsessed by Dean Leonard's ideas and persisted in a good deal of formalism. He says further that he considers this rather a safe thing for any young man to do.

"The tendency of my preaching in those days," he said, long afterward, "was the one I stuck to all my life. I used to announce that I was in the ministry for the purpose of preaching common sense in theology and practise."

In Spencer, Mr. Bisbee took the initiative in many things. The town, for example, had an annual social and dance which was supposed to be a wild form of dissipation, and he deliberately attended it and found nothing out of the way.

Generally he found the ministers cordial and, with their help, he was instrumental in getting up a lecture course where the speakers included Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Mary A. Livermore, and Josh Billings. Mr. Bisbee was also elected a trustee of the public library, which he accepted, and to the school board, which he declined, on the ground that he was then busy building a church. He was a strong candidate for representative in the legislature, but withdrew in favor of the man who was elected, and, as he says, "thus avoided defeat." He took a leading part in the temperance campaign. He discovered that the judge of the court was not enforcing the law and, although the judge's family attended his church, he says, he "pitched into him and had a great and glorious fight in the newspapers," but that they were always good friends personally. Mr. Bisbee joined the Masons in Spencer and when he left was made an honorary member. He succeeded in having a new church built and yet his salary remained at the original $900 until he left for Philadelphia, where it was doubled.

There is an interesting passage in the memoranda

he left about his going to Philadelphia. "When I felt," said he, "that the time had come to leave Spencer I picked out five churches—Philadelphia, the church in New York that was later known as the Church of the Eternal Hope, Newark, Gloucester and Auburn, Me. While I did not receive a formal call from all five I received intimations that I was favorably considered in each place. I went to Philadelphia finally, simply because I wanted to, although other places offered me more money. I went there in the fall of 1833.

"The church there is an old, historic one, established nearly one hundred years ago on Callow Hill St. The Quaker element was strong and liberal but not of a kind to come openly into the Universalist church, and the rest of the city was very Orthodox. It was necessary to preach much of doctrine there. Congregations averaged about sixty or seventy; we never got above 200. Soon after going there I was elected secretary of the State Convention and held that office for sixteen years or until I left the city, and at that time the secretary had much of the work now given to the Superintendent.

"The Church of the Restoration was much like the city of Philadelphia, for it kept a steady pace. We had a loyal congregation which stood by under all circumstances, and we made considerable impression on the city of Philadelphia, so finally we found it necessary to rebuild for modern work and so did it at an expense of $35,000."

Of Dr. Bisbee's call from Philadelphia to the *Leader*, we will speak later.

Services at Philadelphia

IT was down at the end of the long platform at the Union Station in Washington that Dr. Rice and I met him in an oak box, which was covered with roses and purple blossoms I could not name, but which they said he loved. And on a motor truck with a sympathetic negro porter as pilot the silent form came along with us and made the shift to the upper level and the 2.03 p. m. train.

There was nothing of Dr. Bisbee left, to be sure, but there was and is a tender feeling for the house, even of flesh, in which he dwelt so long. And through the long afternoon on the baggage train he followed our train "which carried no baggage." So soon does the animate become the inanimate. So soon, when the vital spark quits it, does the tenement become clay.

Night had fallen over Philadelphia when we arrived at West Philadelphia station, Eleanor Bisbee, who had made the journey from Miami, and I, who had come from Washington.

John Bisbee of Boston, his son, and Harlow H. Bisbee of Binghamton, N. Y., his brother, met us. The Rev. H. E. Benton and Mrs. Benton were there to render tactful and unobtrusive help.

Tuesday morning Dr. F. O. Hall, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, representing the General Convention, and Dr. Harold Marshall from the Publishing House, arrived on the Boston train.

We met at the Church of the Restoration, on Master Street, of which Dr. Bisbee had been pastor from 1883 to 1898.

Dr. Francis A. Gray, the new pastor of the Church of the Restoration, led the procession into the church, reciting the usual passages. Following were Dean Lee S. McCollester, Dr. F. O. Hall, Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin, Dr. Harold Marshall, the Rev. H. E. Benton, the Rev. Thomas Illman and the Editor.

Dr. McGlauflin offered the invocation, Dr. Marshall read the Scriptures, including the passage, "For I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Then in a most simple and moving way, Dr. Hall made the main address. In part he said: "We here assembled are representatives of a much larger company in various parts of the world who are with us to-day in spirit. We come to show our appreciation and respect for one who all his life has won the respect and affection of the men who knew him. He would not care for eulogy. He was a simple man who loved directness and simplicity. I come to give expression to some of the things we ought to have expressed more frequently and more forcibly when he was here. I know that you all will agree with me when I say he was a man, kind, sincere, sympathetic and true.

"In my mind there has been running a line from a great poem: 'He put a cheerful courage on.' That, however, is not literally true. He didn't put anything on. He was genuine. He was courageous and he was cheerful, but both things belonged to him. There is a courage which sends a man over the top facing shot and shell of modern warfare. I do not minimize it. But I affirm that it is a nobler courage which bears, as Dr. Bisbee bore, a life-long burden of suffering. You know a little of what he endured. I have yet to find a man who ever heard him whine. He was not indifferent to sympathy. He liked it, but he wanted it expressed briefly and the subject of his own pain soon dropped.

"He had the ability to go on with his own work in spite of pain, 'look up, not down, look out, not in, forward, not back, and lend a hand.' In his last letter to me he said, 'I am getting on, I will soon be back. The worst sin we can commit is not to be happy!'

"Our comfort in an hour like this is in three things: The kind of life he lived; the unfinished work to be done; and that here we see only the first part of life and behind the curtains there is the other part of the Father's House.

"Let us not make a memorial of marble or granite —an arch, or a temple—for him. Let us erect a memorial to him by doing the work to which he gave his life."

What in part I tried to say was this:

"No man going into a new position was ever received with more brotherly kindness than Dr. Bisbee gave me upon my coming with the *Leader*. He told me that, in Miami, he and his daughter had had a conversation about a successor, that each had written a name secretly on a paper as the one likely, and that my name had been on both papers. He

opened freely to me his treasures of experience, answering frankly and kindly many questions which must have showed ignorance of important principles involved. He said to me that upon my return from the world cruise he wanted to become editor *emeritus* and turn the whole thing over to me.

"He came out to the old Wayside Inn where Mrs. van Schaick and I were staying, and brought to me his books and certificates dealing with his membership in a ministerial group which went there for a retreat each winter, told me that he wanted me to be his successor in the retreat, and wanted me to be 'invested' there in the historic spot itself with all his rights, privileges and prerogatives.

"The last forenoon I had with him was on the Key West steamer in New York, as he was sailing for the South, a year ago in September. There he told me the story of his early struggles, one of the few occasions of his life when he broke through his reticence about personal hardships or misfortunes. As I was sailing in January, he wrote me that he would be the last one I would see as I sailed past the Florida coast, waving his palm leaf in farewell, and that upon my return, God willing, he would be out on the tip end of Cape Cod, to give me welcome. Only last week he wrote me words of praise for my little book 'Cruising,' and said that he was preparing a Front Porch Study on it.

"He has written a number of times lately referring to my promise to come and see him at Miami after Christmas, showing eagerness for the visit and making plans for me to speak.

"The next to the last letter we had from him was on the Providence Convention, wanting to know what happened, showing that his interest in the cause for which he had given his life did not weaken or change except to grow stronger as he neared his end.

"None of these incidents do more than hint at the charm, the old-fashioned courtesy, the loyalty to a vital project, the kindness to a successor which he showed always.

"Often times when men break physically, they break mentally, so that the task of a colleague and helper is made difficult by jealousy. There was not a scintilla of this in him. He wanted so much the thing he believed in to be done that when he saw help coming, it filled him with joy.

"His bravery under the everlasting nag of physical suffering will be a proverb among us. His cheer, in spite of aching bones and aching head, will be a rebuke and a challenge to us. His faith in God and man will nerve us for the conflict, and his spirit of brotherly kindness and good-will be a beautiful memory always.

"More eloquent than any tribute I can pay is this paragraph from a letter of Dr. Bisbee dated Aug. 23, 1923, in a time of deep sorrow:

"'God must love you very much and have an unlimited confidence in you or he would never bless you with such divine opportunities of sorrow. Our Christianity is not to remove all suffering from our path, but to teach us its meaning and to show us how to use it. The only way to escape earthly suffering is to turn it into heavenly joy. You have been getting your full share. Our tendency is to say you are getting more, but just think how God must rank you when He gives you such a commission, to show to the world what your religion can do in time of need. Blessed are you among men as you interpret the crucifixion in your own life. I want you to know I am surrounding you with my prayer and sympathy.'

"That kind of stiffening, of strengthening, of cheering, of inspiring, he was doing all his life by voice and by pen. It was the very essence of Christianity that he had and gave to us.

"You will be glad to know that he was happy to the very end. For a month he had been out of his wheel chair. The day before he was stricken he had walked out again under the open sky and in the bright sunshine he loved. That last afternoon he was in the parlor, playing games, laughing and joking, happy and making others happy. Then came a chill and he went to bed. Still he smiled and joked about it. Just a bit of morphine was given to stop the chill, and he fell into the sleep from which he never woke up here.

"It was a happy close to a happy life, the happiness of which was a sublime moral achievement."

Dr. Lee S. McCollester recited most appropriate passages from the "Eternal Goodness" and offered prayer. The Rev. H. E. Benton pronounced the benediction.

In the casket with the silent form of Dr. Bisbee, under his folded arm, the friends assembled could see a copy of the *Universalist Leader* of the issue of Nov. 3, 1923, the last *Leader* he received. It was a silent but eloquent reminder of that to which he had given his life for twenty-five years. The *Leader* went on with him when the casket sank out of sight at the crematory and the other comrades and friends fell back.

Pallbearers at the church were John Bisbee, Geo. B. Wells, C. W. Gabell, Jr., Robert L. Hayes, James R. Weakley, Dugald Patterson. At the crematory Dr. Hall read the committal service. The ministers present acted as bearers.

In the congregation besides Jack and Eleanor Bisbee there were Mrs. Marion B. Pease, a daughter of Dr. Bisbee by his first marriage, and Harlow H. Bisbee of Binghamton, his brother. From New York Mrs. Joseph Crowell and Miss Hattie Miller came to represent the Murray Grove Association, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Luden of Reading and Miami to represent both the Reading and Miami churches, and as loyal, helpful friends of Dr. Bisbee.

* *

SUNSET AT GOOD LUCK

THE sun was setting when a little company of us left the motors at the Murray Grove House and walked over to the new National Universalist Cemetery just across the country road which winds through the grounds of the Murray Grove Association and near the old Potter Church.

There within a stone's throw of the grave of Potter we buried the ashes of this apostle of a later day.

The services were brief and simple. The quiet sunset hour, the broad band of gold in the western sky, the full moon coming up in the east, the silent pines all around, the last little bird winging his way home

for the night—all spoke to us as only perfect beauty can speak. The open spaces, field and sky and sea, always have the deepest peace and comfort of any earthly things.

In substance I said the following, then offered prayer and pronounced the benediction.

"We come to what is very sacred ground to Universalists, and to a place especially dear and sacred to our friend. He loved it for the great memories of Murray and Potter. He spoke and wrote appreciatively of that beautiful and romantic story. He loved it for the associations of these later years. He and Mrs. Bisbee chose it as the last resting place of their ashes. And since she died, there has attached to it the sacredness inevitably attaching to the places where we lay our beloved away. We can not stand here unmoved. The great ocean stretches away from this coast to the shores of the old world. These are the same waters over which Murray sailed. Here he landed. Here Potter met him. Here took place that strange interview. Here began the work of a Church to proclaim the impartial love of God for all His children. Even in the late autumn, lonely and deserted, it is a most impressive spot. And from now on, as long as Universalists come here, there will be added reason for the pilgrimage. When we deposit these ashes of this follower of Murray and Potter, faithful in his day and generation to the light as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, we give new significance to Murray Grove."

Mr. Edwin Waller and Mr. Walter Gabell drove their big motors, taking the company from Philadelphia to Murray Grove, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 21. Besides Mr. Waller, former president of the Murray Grove Association, and Mr. Gabell, the new president, the following made the little pilgrimage: the children of Dr. Bisbee, Mr. Walter Gabell, Miss Mary Gabell, Mrs. Jos. Crowell and Miss Hattie Miller.

Before we separated to go off into the night by train and by motor along our respective ways, we lighted a fire in the fireplace of the Young People's House and broke bread around it. Then we talked of our dear friend—how he loved Murray Grove, how he preached in the old church, in the new church, by the boulder, and how he loved the fun and frolic of the place, the youngest heart of all.

It did not seem that we were leaving the mortal part of Dr. Bisbee in a lonely place. To those that have eyes to see and ears to hear Longfellow's Twilight Hour expresses a fundamental truth. It was so with some of us as we looked into the flickering blaze and then out into the quiet night.

J. V. S.

Tributes from a Few Friends

DR. BISBEE AS A PREACHER

Frank Oliver Hall

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
. . . . . .
Thus to relieve the troubled was his pride.
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

HE was trained to be a preacher, loved to preach and exercised his ability in that direction to the very last. Within a few weeks of his departure, when he was too ill to leave his home, he gathered about him a few friends and led them in prayer, song and meditation. He brought to his profession a fine, musical voice, which people loved to hear, features that expressed his thought before he uttered it, and, above all, sincerity and sympathy which radiated from him as the sun sheds light and warmth.

He was a radical preacher. The younger generation, to whom radicalism means a desire and disposition to turn the social order upside down and inside out, will find it hard to believe this, for Dr. Bisbee had no desire to meddle personally with the social order. He was perfectly willing that others should if they knew enough, but he insisted that the average clergyman was not an expert on the tariff or trades unions. He wanted such matters left to men who were especially trained to deal with them. He also wanted ministers of religion to train the trainers—in religion. He was entirely confident that the especial function of clergymen is to inspire the business men of their congregations with a disposition to Christianize the social order, and then send them forth to do the reforming. He did not pretend to tell them how this was to be done. He told them that it ought to be done, and that it was their task to discover how it was to be done and then do it. That was his attitude as to social reform, and whether we agree with it or not we must admit that it was rational and wholesome.

When I say he was a radical I hark back to those ancient days when to interpret the call of Abraham as the call of an awakened conscience rather than the actual voice of God speaking the Hebrew language, was damnable heresy. So Dr. Bisbee was for a time a heretic. He dared to believe that God was manifesting Himself now and continually, and not merely that He did once prove His existence by certain law-violating miracles. In those far-away days the powers-that-were told him frankly that he had no business in the Christian pulpit. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But he kept right on preaching, and began to publish a little paper called *To-day*, for the wider expression of his radical views. After a while the whole Church saw that his views were right, as most radical opinions are, and the heresy of yesterday has become the orthodoxy of to-day. It was Dr. Bisbee's sincere, sympathetic and constructive preaching that helped bring this to pass.

He was not what is called an "eloquent" preacher. He indulged in no oratorical flights. He cultivated no ministerial tone. He did not try to make his congregation alternately weep and laugh. He did not even try to make them smile; but they generally

did smile before his sermon was finished, and then they kept on smiling after they had gone home, and some of them continued to smile as they went about their business through the week. He helped to make life sunny and sweet and interesting for all those who would hear and heed. He radiated good cheer. To Frederick Bisbee this world was a good place, full of good people, presided over by a good God; and he had no doubt that the good God who had made one good world and filled it with good people, could and would make other good worlds for good people when they were through with this. That is what he preached. That is what he believed. Let us have confidence that he was right.

* * *

DR. BISBEE AS A WRITER

Frederic W. Perkins

IT goes without saying that an editor, whatever else he may be, is a writer, and through the medium of the printed word communicates his message and himself to his fellows. A word of appreciation of Dr. Bisbee as a writer, therefore, must inevitably be a part of my comprehensive estimate of him.

The fact that primarily impresses one is that writing was his instinctive mode of expression and impression. He had the journalist's mentality and the writer's talent. Some men, when their soul is burdened with a message compelling utterance, seek a pulpit, or a rostrum. Others organize a "movement." Frederick Bisbee wrote an article and started a paper. Some of us remember the little journal, *To-day*, which he edited and largely wrote from his ministerial sanctum in Philadelphia, before he was called to his long and notable editorship of the *Leader*. It was a breezy sheet, a bit audacious, not to say iconoclastic, toward the traditions of the elders. The memory of those days of youthful protest against the powers that moved too slowly for his ardent spirit gave him the ability to understand, if not always to concur with, the rebels of the later days. But the point is that in the form which his message took Bisbee was true to his genius. As to the Seer of Patmos, the spirit said unto him, Write. However stimulating as a preacher or maker of addresses, however wise as an interpreter of our variegated denominational mind, he was most effective as the user of a pen.

That pen, as has been said, was the pen of a journalist. The journalist finds perennial fascination in the human spectacle, its dramatic movement, its tragic mysteries, its comic relief, most of all in its need and craving for friendly sympathy and understanding. Dr. Bisbee's keen eye took it all in. As was said of another, "humor and reverence dwelled in friendship." Its pretentious shams he covered with ridicule and cutting irony. For its "successful failures" he had the understanding word that set the success high in the scale of eternal values. And for the man who was abusive he had the silence of one who had learned the futility of noise and petty striving.

It was no accident that Dr. Bisbee loved travel. Possibly it ministered to that normal craving for physical movement of which his bodily handicaps so largely deprived him, but the joy in it surely went deeper. It unrolled before him not merely the pageantry of the outward world, but even more, to his discerning eye, the human drama. And so it was that probably his travel writings were the best things he did. His book, "A Summer Flight," recording the remarkable flight of the "angels," "messengers of light and good will among men," to the Congress of Religious Liberals in Berlin in 1910, is Bisbee in his distinctive quality of mind and heart. His genial humanity speaks in his preface: "There is another side, the human side, which is not less important than the 'proceedings of the meeting.' . . . The author, while never allowing his imagination to be hampered by facts, has kept as near the truth as was convenient." But beneath all the whimsies and the ironies of the human picture is the undertone of a great faith in the divineness that redeems man's striving and in the spiritual forces that, by devious ways, are leading him on.

For behind the journalist and the discursive writer of traveler's tales was always the preacher. And the truths he emphasized with his facile pen were wrought out of the experience of one whose daily life was almost literally one of consciousness of acute physical pain and bodily limitations. There is a note of self-revelation in much of his later writing that gives it a peculiar poignancy. His "Front Porch Studies" from his Florida home—again note the traveler's point of view; he could not pass through the world again, but the world could pass before him—sum up the philosophy of a life that had had to learn the spiritual worth of striving over that of outward achievement. Let this word from the last "Study" be his message:

"If you wrote alone for glory, then has your glory become as ashes, as all glory does, because glory is a fictitious thing. It is easily inflated to conspicuousness and is easily punctured and collapses to uselessness. If you wrote that you might translate the truth of God to your children and the children of men, then is your ministry serving the ages."

* * *

FROM A CO-WORKER IN PHILADELPHIA

Edwin C. Sweetser

MY acquaintance with Dr. Bisbee began in 1883, when he became the pastor of the Church of the Restoration in Philadelphia, and from that time until, as editor of the *Universalist Leader*, he removed to Massachusetts we were closely associated as co-workers not only in our local churches but also on the board of trustees of the Pennsylvania Convention, of which he was the secretary during the most of that time. Since then I have been in frequent correspondence with him; and, as the years have passed by, I have had an increasing regard for him as a man, as a churchman, as a writer, as an editor, as a preacher of the gospel, and as one who showed its sustaining power by the patience and the cheerfulness with which he endured his afflictions. He grew in wisdom and in grace to the end of his days, and by his departure from this world our Church has lost not only one of its most devoted ministers, but also one of its most sagacious and reliable counselors.

When he was requested to accept the editorship

of the *Universalist Leader* he asked me if I would support him in that position, and I assured him that I would gladly do so as long as his management of the paper commended itself to me. Nearly twenty years afterwards I reminded him of the conversation, and took great pleasure in saying to him that, notwithstanding some disagreements, his management had been eminently satisfactory to me, in answer to which he wrote: "I am grateful for your letter, especially its personal touch, which warms my heart. We are in a critical time for our Church. You and I may not live to see the outcome; but at least we can leave the impress of our convictions and the memory of our loyalty to them. Meanwhile, we can work while it is day, and no good work is lost."

He worked till the last hours of his life in this world, and made the front porch of his residence, in "Front Porch Studies," a veritable vestibule of that heavenly world where there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away.

* * *

FROM A FRIEND OF MANY YEARS

F. W. Betts

I KNEW "Fred" Bisbee before Tufts College dignified him with an honorary degree. He was always "Fred" to me, and I was "Fred" to him when we closed the door against the artificial dignities of society. Our intimacy began away back in 1894, the year he began to publish the little magazine *To-day*. He made *To-day* an open court where Howard McQuary, Orello Cone, Harold Marshall, A. B. Curtis and the rest of us could plead our causes which we were sure would overthrow all the injustice in the world. When he came to Boston to edit the *Leader* I came with him in spirit. When I was invited to become associate editor with him I wrote about one-half of all the editorials that were printed in the *Leader*. Once when "the Editor" was ill, I wrote most of the *Leader* editorials for months. But never in all those years and those associations was there one word of disagreement. Dr. Bisbee had an open mind. He had his own convictions, and I have always had mine. But when he once came to believe in a man he turned him loose. I do not remember now that he ever seriously criticised, or refused to print, anything I ever wrote for the *Leader*.

Once when I was worn out and half sick I spent a week at his home in Arlington. If there was a better place on earth to rest than there with Dr. and Mrs. Bisbee, I never found it.

Many years ago we were walking across Chicago together. Dr. Bisbee was on crutches and I carried his grip. I started to sympathize with him but he stopped me with the remark: "Fred, I think that perhaps this is the best thing that could have happened to me. It has taught me submission and it has made me humble, as perhaps nothing else could." Behind that defense of the ways of God was the silent martyrdom of a lifetime.

Just the other day came a message to me from that Front Porch in Miami, asking me to come and spend a month with him, and preach for him. Perhaps if I had known I would have gone, but it did not seem possible for me to leave my work here. That

From the Directors of the Publishing House

AT the meeting of the Directors of the Universalist Publishing House held on Monday, November 19, the following memorial was unanimously adopted:

"The Directors of the Universalist Publishing House desire to place upon their records an expression of their respect and affection for Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, S. T. D., who died at his home in Miami, Florida, on Thursday, November 15.

"For twenty-five years Dr. Bisbee was Editor of the *Universalist Leader*. While in Philadelphia he had founded and edited a magazine called *To-day*, in which the eager youth of thirty years ago found expression of their ideas and inspiration for their ideals. In his later years he was the trusted guide of the youth of another generation, who learned that age might touch his body but not his spirit.

"To the *Universalist Leader* and to the Universalist Church he gave his unwearying best. Those who differed in opinion had no difference of opinion concerning his devoted and sacrificial service. Only those intimately associated with him knew the cost of that service. Not all accustomed to his smile and to whom his cheer of spirit seemed the very nature of the man, realized that pain never left him and often overcame him. Each day he battled with his body. Each night found him victorious.

"This world is richer because he lived. It is poorer because he no longer lives in it. With the great company of those who knew and loved him, we share a common sorrow in his passing; but we share his great faith that weakness is overcome of strength, evil overborne of good, and mortality swallowed up in Life."

Arthur W. Peirce,
President.
Charles F. Coolidge,
Clerk.

message breathed the same old cheerfulness that endeared him to all of us.

I am in no mood for formal estimates of Dr. Bisbee. To me, behind all the formulas, he is "Fred" Bisbee, a man with an open mind, a born mixer with men, with a capacity for friendship that was immeasurable. His passing leaves an empty chair at that round table of memory when we who were of one spirit shared the bread of life together many, many years. Death must have liberated him, for we shall think of him no longer as an unconquerable soul dragging a broken body through the world.

* * *

FRIENDLY, WISE, DR. BISBEE

Howard A. Bridgman

THE men in charge of the religious papers published in Boston during the years of Dr. Bisbee's editorship of the *Leader*, constituted an interesting religious group. There was Charles Parkhurst, a war-horse of Methodism and a trumpeter of righteousness, giving all that was in him to making *Zion's Herald* one of the spiciest and perhaps the most influential paper of his denomination. There was Dr. Clark at the head of the *Christian Endeavor World*, capable, brotherly, untiring, and always at his right hand, with the smile that never comes off, Prof. Amos Wells, who finds it as easy to write all kinds of effective English prose and poetry as it is to smile. At the helm of the *Christian Register* were in turn the saintly George Batchelder and the many-sided and gracious Mrs. Marean. During an earlier era but still included as *emeriti* members of our fraternity, were George E. Horr, of the *Watchman*, now president of the Newton Theological Seminary, Denis McCarthy of the *Sacred Heart Review*, and beloved Howard Grose of *Missions*.

The sorrowful thing about that era was that we didn't get together oftener, but whenever we did it was a rare night and one whose rapidly flying hours we would all detain. Meantime we did read each others' papers and worked away hard at our own particular task, none of us ever quite sure that we had the key to the solution of the problem of religious journalism, but all of us confident that it was fulfilling a mission of large importance and of absolute necessity to the growth and usefulness of the Christian Church.

Among us all Dr. Bisbee stood out as the embodiment of good cheer and friendliness. His contribution to the progress of his paper and of his Church was substantial and has proved enduring. He helped shape the movement toward a stronger cohesion of Universalist churches and he always championed comprehensiveness, unity and effective common action. But his paper was something more than a denominational bulletin. It had a distinctive spiritual quality so marked that, calling at the *Transcript* office one day, I was somewhat taken down to have one of the editors say to me, "The *Leader* is beating you all in real spirituality, and that is what is wanted in modern religious journalism." Yet there was nothing mushy or conventional about Dr. Bisbee's religious thinking. Every sentence had a ring of sincerity because it came from a man who believed in the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. He felt that in the modern world were a good many people still who italicized God's severity and the woe of the wicked, while putting in small type the proclamation of His everlasting mercy through John G. Whittier, George Macdonald, Hosea Ballou and many others whose work in one field and another during the nineteenth century sweetened and broadened the thought of the whole Church regarding the nature of God and the possibilities of man.

Dr. Bisbee always impressed me as a man who made very few mistakes, who weighed his words before he spoke and before he put them on paper, who had more than an ordinary endowment of good sense and always the saving grace of humor. What delightful letters he would write as he went about the land! Surely his was the pen of a ready and pleasing writer! His behavior was always that of a Christian gentleman and his influence, long after many people may have forgotten him, will be felt not only in the churches which he especially loved and served but in the still wider fellowship of God's great kingdom.

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FROM A FELLOW-WORKER

Harold Marshall

OF necessity this word must be intimate, since it has to express something of the intimacy of daily contacts and common tasks. For nearly seven years, except at such times as one or the other was away from the office, we worked together.

"No man is a hero is to his valet," might be modernized into, "No man is a hero to his fellow-workers" —unless he happens to be heroic. It was a long time before I realized that Dr. Bisbee was never free from pain. It was obvious that he bore constant physical discomfort, but his smile and ready jest covered something more than that. Many times I entered his office through a door behind him, to find him bent over his desk and to catch a glimpse of a face drawn with pain. But at the sound of a voice he lifted his head and his smile returned and he came to attention, every inch a soldier of the spirit.

Then would follow earnest discussion of our common tasks. There might so easily have been something sharper than difference of opinion, but there never was. When a policy or an utterance brought criticism from those who disagreed, he might so easily have said, "It was not my idea." But he never did. When mistakes were made—and in following untried ways they were inevitable—he might have said, "I told you so." But he never did.

In the seven years' association there was only one expressed agreement between us. When he realized that his spirit could no longer compel obedience from his body, he asked me to promise that if the time came that some one else could help make a better paper I would tell him so. The promise was sacredly given. If the occasion had ever required, it would have been faithfully kept, whatever the heartbreak for either of us.

Next to his constant victory over his body, perhaps the thing that made that victory possible or that made the fight worth while, was his devotion to his work. To him *Universalism* was a sacred word, not

staled or shrunk by frequence, and the *Universalist Leader* a solemn voice that spoke to a perplexed and changing world of the things that abide. Long before we met, he had learned that there is no real relation between wages and work. If he had been as rich in money as in more precious possessions, he would have paid a million a year for the privilege of editing the *Leader*. If he had been ten times as strong, he would have worked ten times as hard.

I do not know when or how we first began to speak of the "*Leader* family," but it has long been a reality. We all feel that he who was first among us has left a vacancy no one can fill, and that no one wishes filled. But he has left, too, a fullness in all our lives, a deeper sense of the worth of our common tasks, a golden bond of fellowship longer than the years and stronger than death.

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A SPRIG OF ACACIA

Joseph Fort Newton

HOW many beautiful and gracious memories come crowding into mind, now that Dr. Bisbee has gone into Another Room to rest. There was somewhat of the Eternal in him, something so fine and high and true that it confirmed faith, corroborated hope, and inspired love. His mind was a sanctuary, his character a consecration.

Each of his brethren has precious memories, and I have mine. Twenty-four years ago, having answered a want ad sent out by Dr. Perin, I went to Boston to meet the leaders of our faith. Of all men on earth no man was better fitted than Dr. Bisbee, alike by his spirit and skill, to be a friend to a young man making his way out of a dark theology into a larger faith. He saw and understood. He knew that I had more rebellion against old dogmas than understanding of a nobler thought of God. Never shall I forget his wisdom, his patience, his brotherly grace, and, by no means least, his ever-present, sparkling sense of humor, in those difficult days.

Years passed, and I was invited to the pulpit of the City Temple. Of all my friends, only two insisted that I must accept the invitation at whatever cost. Dr. Bisbee was one, Dr. Marquis of Coe College the other. The first letter I received was from Dr. Bisbee, not simply advising but urging me to go. Other letters followed, earnest, insistent, eager—such as a father might write to his son. At last, when I decided to go to London, he wrote me such a letter as one reads only once in a lifetime. In Boston, at the service in the Old South Church, on the eve of my return to take up my work in London, he gave me his blessing in a trembling but triumphant voice.

Other years passed—four years, dark, dreadful, and confused—and Dr. Bisbee came to preside at the service of my induction as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity. Arriving early at the church, I found him sitting alone in the vestry, weary and unwell. His fine face lighted up as I entered, and the words he spoke to me then—words so gentle and full of fatherly affection—are too sacred to repeat. They live in my heart, and I can still hear the tones of his voice from behind the Hills. His prayer offered that evening will never be forgotten; it abides with me to guide and exalt. It was love at first sight between us, half a life ago, a love which time did not mar and death can not touch.

Noble in his life, faithful and fruitful in his labors, the passing of Dr. Bisbee makes us pensive betimes, but not sorrowful. It means rest, release, and reunion. There was in him, toward the end, a ripe, mellow, old-gold beauty of soul uniting culture and character, sweet humor and serene faith—a memory to haunt us, a vision to bless us forever. He was a true man, gentle, wise and pure of heart, a leader of faith, a friend without alloy—a faithful minister of Christ.

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DR. BISBEE'S MESSAGE

Marion D. Shutter

THE death of Dr. Bisbee means a distinct loss to our denomination, and to all the rest of the religious world. I became acquainted with him in the days of Dr. Shinn and the "Weirs." He was then, I think, pastor of the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia. I was attracted to him by his fine personality, his breadth of thought, and his literary style. The friendship then established has continued to the end. It is a pleasure to remember that the last sentences I wrote as a member of the Resolutions Committee at Providence, were greetings to Dr. Bisbee, in Florida—although a similar message, of which I did not know, had already been sent from the Ministers' Meeting.

If I should put into a few words Dr. Bisbee's message to our ministers and churches, those words would be, "Get on to your job!" And, while we are discussing ways and means and methods and all sorts of schemes and plans, while our internationalism is circumnavigating the globe—as no doubt it should—Dr. Bisbee would point to many a little garden patch of a local church, running to weeds through neglect. This is a distinct service. Let us trust that it will be remembered over his ashes.

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FROM A FORMER PARISHIONER

Walter Gabell

IT was my privilege to know Dr. Bisbee for thirty years, first, as my pastor, then as a journalist, and, last and best of all, as a true and noble man. During all these years he had been a patient and silent sufferer.

In spite of pain he had a genial and striking personality. His scholarly mind was so finely poised that mirth and play took their places with study and meditation.

No modern idea or progressive thought was neglected by him, and yet the sound and tried paths were never forsaken. Common sense and simple justice ruled his course of action. He seemed to be guided in the way that made friends and not enemies, either by natural genius or the result of his wise and carefully thought out conclusions.

His contribution to the Universalist Church can not be properly measured at this early date, but it is fair to say that few of his contemporaries will leave a deeper impress on the pages of our Church history. There is hardly a denominational activity that has

not felt his influence and been benefited, nor a church problem he has not handled and helped to solve.

That his remains have been laid to rest under the shadow of the old Potter Meeting-house makes more sacred that Shrine of our Church for which he labored and for which he was at one time its chief executive. It was the suggestion of his loved wife that made possible the National Universalist Cemetery where they both repose.

Here in this quiet spot amid memories so dear to him we will stand and be blessed as we contemplate his life and works, trusting that thus we may gain some of the faith and vision that glorified him.

* * *

MORE THAN CONQUEROR

Charles R. Tenney

FRED BISBEE was at Tufts when I entered the Theological School there in 1874. For three years we were on the Hill together in all the intimacy of close quarters, common tasks, common aspirations, common experiences. We were friends from the beginning, and one of the blessings that I shall remember with especial gratitude at this Thanksgiving time is that this friendship has continued through the years.

The outstanding thing to me in the story of his life is its heroism, and that he should have made so successful a life-journey—gone so far—in that poor, crippled car of his. It was downright heroism that did it. It is much to be feared that under such a handicap of pain as was his, many of us would long ago have said, "It is no use," and just waited by the wayside for some one to tow us to some haven. Not so was it with this brave boy and man. Bearing his pain he kept to his task; as best he could repaired the broken parts, and outstripped—how many of us with far better equipment! His life represents noble achievement against great odds.

But a better part of the story is that of the method by which he achieved his results. It is a great thing for one, with grim determination and sheer force, to overcome obstacles, to break his way through and win the goal—to win as the flood and the tornado win. But it is a greater thing to win by an inner grace—not grim at all, nor proud in its might, but gentle, genial, patient; to win, not by breaking the untoward things, but by transmuting them into the better thing—as does the sunshine and the springtime, as did the Master with his cross. More like this did this friend of ours win over his trials and achieve his successes. Whatever the trial it was more than matched by his serene patience and steadfastness.

And underneath all this was what he was and more and more became. He possessed a rarely fine and happy disposition, an affectionate nature rich and pure, gifts of the spirit which made him susceptible to, and opened the way to understanding of, the Invisible Things.

For all this much tribute to some forbear or forbears who transmitted the elements of it to him—most likely to the mother who bore him, and breathed this sweetness and strength into his beginnings.

But these elements, dispositional, affectional, spiritual, which were the heart and crown of his life, which he accepted and by every application cultivated to more and more—these were the inner grace which all the way along made him more than conqueror, a hero of the faith.

"God be praised that such have been"—*and are!*

* * *

DR. BISBEE AS A CITIZEN

Cyrus E. Dallin

THE passing of our loved friend and near neighbor for many years, Dr. Frederick A. Bisbee, brings with it not only the sadness of personal loss, but the realization that the community has lost a wise counsellor and a devoted friend, ever mindful not only of his spiritual duties, but of his responsibility in furthering the civic welfare of the people of Arlington.

I shall never forget his ringing words of protest at a town meeting when he believed that a measure under debate was not for the best good of Arlington, nor his equally strong defense of a measure that met his approval. His interest in town affairs, his wisdom and judgment of men and affairs, made him an ideal adviser and debater, and at many town meetings he was an unquestioned leader.

On one occasion when I became actively interested in town affairs to the extent of becoming a candidate for a certain office, Dr. Bisbee confessed to me that as a young man he had aspired to the same office, but that fortunately he had been defeated. He felt that this defeat had been the turning point in his career. In fact, he said, the experience gave him just the right perspective so that when he entered the ministry he entered it with the conviction that he could and would be able to serve humanity in this way better than in any other.

Service was the keynote of his philosophy. Love and kindness were his handmaidens. His indomitable courage, gaiety of spirit and ever ready sympathy made him an inspiring, beneficent influence in the lives of all those with whom he was associated.

* * *

FROM A YOUNG MINISTER WHOM HE HELPED

Harold H. Niles

SOME men, as they grow older, forget the younger men who are coming along after them, and have little time to give to them. This was not so of Dr. Bisbee. He was never too busy to speak an encouraging word or to lend an attentive ear. He not only loved the younger ministers in our fellowship but he also recognized their value to the Church and the cause for which it stands. He knew the pitfalls and the danger-points of a young minister's career and wisely counseled concerning them.

For many things about him I am grateful—for his keen editorial analysis of religious questions, for the poetry which he sang with triumphant note, for the inspiration of his daily living, for his unselfish and steadfast devotion to the cause of the Master.

Three lessons he has taught me. One is that a man is never too big to have time and consideration for others; the second is that a man can endure suffering and sorrow and still go smiling through life with a faith undimmed, blessing and encouraging others;

the third is that if ever this world is to enjoy the blessings of Universalism, we who believe in its principles must build up and sustain the Universalist Church as the medium through which the world may know our gospel. And in these days when so many of our ministers hold the misconception that our work is finished, I say, "Thank God that Dr. Bisbee helped some of us to realize that instead of our work being finished it has hardly begun!"

He helped me to see the necessity of building up a strong Universalist Church so that the gospel of God's unfailing love may be carried to the multitudes to whom it has never been told; and further, so that the great affirmative gospel of God's Universal Fatherhood and Man's Brotherhood may become the driving power behind the activities of men and women. If a man is going to fight the enemy, he will do better by joining the army than he will by fighting alone. Dr. Bisbee helped some of us to understand that the Universalist Church is a noble division in Christ's great army, and that our duty is to make it well-equipped, perfectly trained and ever alert to do its share—and more!

One of his last messages to Universalists should be engraved on the tablet of every Universalist's heart: "The first demand is that we must build up and strengthen the Universalist Church as primary to all else. We must awaken the spirit of devotion and loyalty such as controlled our fathers, this not in the spirit of sectarianism but of efficiency. We have a great work to do and we must equip ourselves to do it."

May God give us more men like Frederick A. Bisbee!

* * *

DR. BISBEE AS A DENOMINATIONAL LEADER

Lee S. McCollester

DR. BISBEE graduated from the Theological School, Tufts College, in 1877; was minister of the Universalist Church of Spencer 1877 to '83; of the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, 1883 to '98; and editor of the *Universalist Leader* from 1898 to the time of his death. These were important years in the work of the Universalist Church. In these years came the revision of the Bible, the adjustment of Religion and Science, our "Statement of Principles," the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the World War, and a multitude of adjustments of religion to science, social reconstruction and world confusions. Dr. Bisbee was a leader in the progressive processes of these years and movements. He aimed to do his part through his Church. It was his tool for world betterment and personal spiritualization. His work as a leader was in many lines—and he led his Church in three lines in particular.

He began his ministerial work in a missionary field. Spencer, Mass., was a new church enterprise. He never lost his zeal for every phase of missionary effort. If his *Leader* editorials shall be reviewed it will be found that he was always emphasizing the missionary opportunities in Japan, in the Southern states, and especially our duty to liberals in European countries. His last effort—at Miami—was for the planting of Universalism in Florida. Those who heard his address in Paris at the Congress of Religious Liberals will well recall how he argued that there is a world religion and Universalism is its best expression.

Another phase of leadership was his use of the printed page. While pastor in Philadelphia he started the magazine *To-day*. Some of this generation may think Dr. Bisbee a conservative, but he was called a radical by the church leaders of those years. His *To-day* was born as an organ of progressive thought. When he became editor of the *Leader* he lost none of that spirit of free thought and leadership in new ideas of religion, though he realized that he was thereafter to speak as the leader of a Church and not of a group in that fellowship. Reviewing the years his editorials will be found to be those of a sane yet zealous leader of thought and not of a petty partisan of a single idea or a temporary fad.

He was also a leader in the development of new Universalist interpretations of truth and new methods of practical organization. The thought and administration of the Universalist Church have passed through great changes in the active years of Dr. Bisbee—and Dr. Bisbee has had a real part in both. Circumstances brought him into counsel with all leaders and he never hesitated to express his own views or to lead a program that seemed to him vital and constructive. There may have been at times a question as to the wisdom and practical working value of some of his suggested programs, but there was never a doubt as to his desire to promote the efficiency of the Church. In those years when the Winchester Profession of Faith was the subject of all Convention debates, and when the "Five Principles" were developing, he was leading the campaign for freedom of thought, and when the organization of the Church had grown inadequate for the many-sided activities gradually taken on, he zealously labored for more effective organization, for a Headquarters that should compare well with the administration offices of other sects. When the pilgrimage to California was ordered by the Church, Dr. Bisbee gave his time and energy in association with the General Superintendent, Dr. McGlauflin, to make that new enterprise an event of joy and pride to the whole Church. Through his efforts our Church had an important place in programs of the two most important meetings of the International Congress of Religious Liberals—the one in Boston, and the one in Paris. This story of his particular activities might be greatly enlarged to include his work for conventions, for the enterprises for old and young and for individuals who were seeking to fulfil themselves or to make more useful to the world the Church of his love.

Conspicuous as has been his leadership in particular lines, his most conspicuous leadership has been in his loyalty to his Church. He believed first, last and all the time in Universalism and in the Universalist institutions. His call was for loyalty to the Church as a means to express loyalty to the faith and produce results in individual and society. The one great interest of his thoughts and deeds was the Universalist faith; for this, we may say, he lived and died. For this he gave generously of his time, his energy and his possessions. And often he worked in pain, for during many years his body was a rebellious servant of an exacting soul. We think of his leadership

in good cheer, quick wit, quaint comments, and glorious visions, but we may well think also of how all this easy, enjoyable cheer was bought at a price of the high command of a fine soul over an unwilling body. Perhaps it is here that we find after all his finest lesson to us, his comrades of the many years, for I am sure that we who know him best shall always think of him as a heroic spirit, a spartan type of saint, who lived and died with his face unafraid of life, of pain and of death.

* * *

DR. BISBEE'S LOVE FOR THE CHURCH

J. F. Albion

OUR Church has never had a more devoted, loyal, consecrated son than Frederick Bisbee. No words can measure the contribution he has made to its life. Through voice and pen he has touched the lives of tens of thousands who are better men and women from the inspiration of his vision and his faith, but even more by the contagion of his life, his loving heart, his broad sympathies, his generous and unfailing kindness, his resilient hope in trial and sorrow, his splendid courage and patience in suffering. He never complained, but bore all with a smile on his face and a cheer in his heart that nerved others to braver bearing of their sorrows and burdens. Handicapped by weakness, pain and suffering, he has labored in the Master's kingdom with an industry, fidelity and self-forgetfulness equaled by few.

Men liked him instinctively and loved him as they came to know the kindness, sincerity and nobility of his great manly heart. He had a genius for friendship. The social instinct was strong in him. He was a delightful companion, primed with bright stories, telling anecdotes and interesting personal experiences. A delightful vein of humor ran through all his talk and writing.

His love for the Universalist Church was a passion. He believed in it with all the force of his earnest spirit—that it had a distinct function and mission and should focus its every energy on that distinct mission. He heartily welcomed practicable unity and co-operation with other branches of the Christian Church and longed for the day when all Churches should be one in spirit and purpose in doing God's will, but he knew that that day is not near at hand—that there is yet work for us to do as leaders. He believed our Church was a leader. The paper to which he gave so much of the best of his life was the *Universalist Leader*, and he believed our mission was to lead, aggressively, courageously, confidently. Not to build up a denomination in sectarian spirit, just for the sake of a denomination, not merely to gain greater numbers, but to build up a consecrated, loyal, zealous body of men and women who should teach and preach, but above all live, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the leadership of Christ. He believed that beyond all mechanisms for civic, social or economic reform the world hungered to-day for vital consciousness of God as the Father, intimate, personal, dynamic; for actual brotherhood, good will, sincere fellowship; for glad willingness to take Jesus in earnest and follow him in one's own life, in the home, in business relationships, in politics, in all the reaction of life when daily, hourly religion meets its most significant and vital tests.

He could not come to the Providence Convention, but with all his burden of weakness and pain he was with us in spirit. In humorous vein he sent his alternate to speak for him at the Convention. In almost the last words he wrote he let us look into his heart and see the deep yearnings there for the Church he loved so dearly.

"Mr. Program" with his motley suit of endless projects caused him anxious concern. He knew that a small denomination needed, above all, concentration of purpose and energies. He saw the danger of spreading ourselves thinly over a multitude of secondary interests. With his rare wisdom he wrote: "We have dozens of organizations, each one working for itself and more or less jealous of the others, so the first number on our program must provide for co-ordination of our interest and forces. We want universal recognition of the fact that the Universalist Church is big enough to hold us all without friction, all who in the spirit of our faith are seeking to serve her in their own way. We must have in our program adequate provision for pure democracy—the spirit of real success lies in the spirit of co-operation and democracy. We do want leaders, and the reason we have not successful leaders is because we, the ministers and people, will not follow. Let us have a platform big enough and broad enough for us all to stand upon in the fellowship of the spirit and on which we can work together in mutual helpfulness. We have a great work to do and we must equip ourselves to do it." The last words of those we love are always significant and sacred. These were his last words to us who are to carry forward the work of the Church that was so dear to his heart.

* * *

THE FRONT PORCH

The Front Porch is empty. The vines and the flowers, the sun by day and the moon by night, are still there, but the front porch is empty. The wheel chair that held the Friend to Man is empty.

He has fared forth on the Long Road beyond the stars. Now, for the first time it may be, we realize that he meant each Study for us who follow. By them we follow on until some day we too shall reach a House not made with hands and find him waiting on the Front Porch.

H. M.

Cruising Around These United States

IV In Philadelphia Planning for Peace

John van Schaick, Jr.

IN the historic old city of William Penn, named the city of brotherly love because of his life and work, we are meeting in what is called the American Council of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches.

The benign figure of Penn from the dome of the City Hall looks down on us whenever we step into the streets, and by going to the windows of our Rose Garden, our North Garden, our small ball room, our large ball room, all of which we have been using, we can see the memorial of the old Quaker who treated Indians as if they were brother men.

We have tried many peace paths and many peace creeds since Penn's day, but never yet have found a better starting point for any kind of peace than his creed of brotherly love and fair dealing. Society is complex now and organization is necessary to get us anywhere, but it is as true to-day as it was three hundred years ago that the largest contribution any man can make to peace is by the peace he himself achieves and exhibits in his personal contacts.

Coming home from a three days' peace conference with nerves on edge and terrorizing the household, is not fundamentally sound procedure.

Of organizations by which a man can tie up his strength to the strength of other men, the most promising I have seen in many a day is this World Alliance meeting here. Backed by the old Church Peace Union, helped by the Carnegie and Ginn Peace Foundations, it has started out to promote "International Friendship through the Churches." Prohibition came through the churches. It seems as if peace might come that way if churches wake up.

Twenty-six nations are in the World Council. Seventy-two American church bodies are in the American Council. Our General Convention is in it, and Mr. Benton, Dr. McGlauflin and I attended as delegates of the General Convention. Mr. Benton, as chairman of the Committee on International Relations of the Ministers' Federation of Philadelphia, was chairman of the local Committee of Arrangements.

The president is the Rev. Wm. P. Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, and his address, "Mobilizing for Peace," made such an impression that arrangements were made to mail it to every minister in the United States, something of a task. And I want to testify that the minister who lets it go through to the waste paper basket without looking at it will miss one of the clearest, sanest, presentations of this subject in print. If these same ministers and our laymen will watch the columns of that live, progressive, argus-eyed, clarion-voiced tribune of the people called the *Universalist Leader* they may get this address before the mails bring it to them.

The World Alliance believes that the Kingdom of God can be established in the interracial and the international relations of men. It seeks to achieve its purpose by "National Councils, Interchange of Speakers and Preachers, and annual World Conference, Bulletins, Correspondence, Visits, Co-operation with Other Societies, and a news letter sent to each member." The headquarters are at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, anybody can join, and there are dues of $2, $5, $10, $25, $50, $100, or $500.

This is the eighth annual session of the American Council. It has brought together many distinguished people.

Without a dissenting voice the Congress passed a resolution endorsing the Permanent Court of International Justice and calling on the Senate Committee to report out, so that it can be acted upon, the Protocal providing for our adherence to the court which Mr. Harding laid before the Senate last February.

There were delegates from the World Alliance bodies of other countries—the Archbishop of Upsala, in Sweden, the Archbishop of the Eastern Orthodox Church at Jerusalem, Brierley Kay of the Church of England, Thomas Nightingale of the Free Churches of England, a Protestant French pastor and a Canadian professor, Arthur T. Dorlan, whose name we ought to remember as a good man to get hold of for some of our meetings. There were representatives from Hungary, China, Japan and Mexico, and it stirred emotions deeply to hear these men. The Universalist Club in New York or in Boston or some state missionary societies wanting to widen their horizon, or men's clubs like the live one down at Lynn, would be in for an evening of thrilling interest, many new ideas and perhaps some new feelings, if they got hold of Mr. Herbert Sein of Mexico for example, now living in New York City, or of Dr. Y. Y. Tsu, General Secretary of the Chinese Students Association of North America, the most eloquent Chinese and one of the most eloquent men I have heard in my life. The Rev. Geza Takaro, pastor of the First Magyar Reformed Church of New York, although more handicapped by his accent, is also a most interesting man, and, in view of the situation of the Protestant Churches in Transylvania, a most appealing figure. I am not mentioning in this connection the more famous men, who are returning to their respective countries, but they all are most effective—even His Grace the Archbishop Panteleimon, though speaking in Greek with the aid of a very able interpreter, makes a deep impression.

Among the other distinguished figures at this great gathering are: Oscar F. Straus, Secretary of Commerce under Roosevelt, and former Ambassador to Turkey, flat-footed for the League of Nations; the president of Harvard University, ditto; Miss Mary Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke, a charming personality and a vote getter for the World Court; and Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, touring the country and telling the story of "International Co-operation in Humanitarian Effort." "Yesterday," he said to me, "I spoke four times in Cincinnati, to-night in Philadelphia. It was easier for me in the Arctic." He is a man of strength, of strong will as an explorer must be, and of fine humanitarian spirit.

There were also Prof. Manley O. Hudson of

Harvard, who made a perfectly corking argument for the World Court at the very end of the afternoon of this last day; Will Irwin, who was in the World War from the first battle of Mons in 1914 to our own Meuse-Argonne offensive in 1918, and in the Peace Conference which followed, and who is as clear on the platform as in his book in stating what we may expect if we follow Christ and also if we follow Mars; Fred B. Smith, the most effective platform man under difficult conditions I know, who spoke in the gray of a late afternoon of a chill November day from the steps of old Liberty Hall and made us all want to reconsecrate ourselves "to freedom for the whole world," Bishop James Cannon, Jr.; Dr. Arthur J. Brown; Rabbi Jacob Goldstein; Captain Edward L. Beach; Governor Wm. E. Sweet, of Colorado; the Rev. Edward Cummings, our neighbor in Boston at Dr. Hale's old church; Nehemiah Boynton; Sidney L. Gulick; Frederick Lynch; Henry A. Atkinson; Wm. Adams Brown, our own beloved *Leader* correspondent, who was at his very best; Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, who in the gentlest, most loving and Christlike way conceivable called Mussolini "a bully, a coward and a brute;" and the president of the American Council, Dr. William P. Merrill of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York.

With this formidable list of speakers, do you think my head is whirling as I dash on through the night to Washington? Not a bit of it. But I feel heartily ashamed that I, who also have seen so much of war and its horrors, have kept so silent about it in the five years since the armistice. All this theorizing about passive resistance can be laid aside. There is enough to be said about the annihilating power of any future general war, about the necessity of organizing for peace, about the call of Christ and about the duty of Christ's Church. Recriminations in an hour of great peril are suicidal.

And the aggressiveness, the violence, the hatred, exhibited by the enemies of the peace movement, should drive us together.

I do not for one moment class as enemies of the peace movement all who oppose our entrance into the League of Nations or the World Court, or even all who believe in a larger army and navy than I think necessary. But it is perfectly evident that many organizations, a considerable section of the press and large members of people lump all peace movements together as visionary, fanatical, dangerous and unpatriotic.

What are some of the striking things which have been brought out in the past three days?

Said Dr. Merrill in his notable address: "In our attitude toward war and toward peace there is a difference. We seek war and pursue it. We let peace come as it will. We stand up and sing about it, we kneel down and pray about it, but we do not pursue it. War is a national passion. Peace is a fad. In our pursuit of war, we stop at nothing. In our pursuit of peace we stop at anything. We don't pursue peace. Peace has to pursue the government."

There are four practical things the Churches can do about war: They can know and make known the facts about war. They can induce the men who went through it to overcome their reluctance to talk about it and describe its horrors. Strong influences are expected to make men suppress the facts on the ground that it would be hard to get men to enlist. But it is our duty not to let its gruesomeness and hideousness fade out.

They can bear their testimony to the falseness and hideousness of the doctrine that wars are inevitable, man by nature a fighting animal and always will be. Man by nature is a lustful animal. Must he always grovel? Man by nature is a self-seeking animal. Must he always be selfish? That doctrine is the complete negation of Chistianity. "In the name of God and of Jesus Christ," said Dr. Merrill, "what are we here for as churches, if not to put a new man in place of the old?"

The third thing the Churches can do is to help remove the economic causes of war, and the fourth to urge taking such practical steps as appear before us.

"We must get more churches," said he, "to spend less time building and repairing fences and more time cultivating the fields and vineyards. Fruits rather than fences is a good church motto."

Another point emphasized by several speakers was that we must get governments as well as individuals to give for peace as well as for war. Think, for example, of the glaring contrast between our raising money for war and raising it for peace.

Robert D. Towne, our Universalist preacher who is doing such effective writing for the *Public Ledger*, put it: "War welters in money, laughs at extravagance, ridicules and scoffs at economy. But peace must always be a gratuity. The works of peace must go by charity. Peace must cost nobody anything."

While war cost the world the staggering sum of three hundred and fifty or four hundred billion dollars, there was a fearful outcry in the press recently at the budget of the World Court, the League of Nations and the International Labor Office, all of which together do not cost a single torpedo boat destroyer.

Said Dr. Mary Woolley: "What a mockery war makes of our Christian faith that all of us are brothers and one, even God, is our Father."

It was interesting to see how this same thought was expressed by representatives of different Churches.

Said Fred B. Smith at Independence Hall: "A United States Senator dodged into Pennsylvania, made a speech and dodged out again. He said: 'Men are running around prating about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We must show these fellows that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God holds only in so far as it relates itself to our own national interests, and the doctrine of the brotherhood of man stops at our own coast line.' "

Mr. Smith did not mention the Senator, but the man referred to was Hiram Johnson.

Then Smith declared in masterly fashion that on such an issue the whole Church must take a stand or give up Christ. He said further: "I have come to the point when I will clasp hands with anybody who will stand for the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the outlawry of war. If to-morrow I could be shown that Mohammedanism believed more in peace, good will and brotherhood than Christianity, I'd become a Mohammedan." These were brave

words from a man once classed as ultra-Orthodox, and they brought forth ringing cheers.

Prof. Arthur T. Dorlan said: "The common authority of God is to-day the only hope of the world. We have many different programs and methods, but the fundamental thing to unite the world is striving together to attain the will of God. The Church must stand for an international as well as a national idea. Edith Cavell was right—'Patriotism is not enough. I must die without hatred to any one.' To some this is trite. To others idealistic. To us it must be the voice of God."

Said the Archbishop Panteleimon: "I come from Jerusalem, which means 'city of peace.' I come from Bethlehem where for the first time was sung 'peace on earth.' Christ on the cross prayed for forgiveness of his enemies. As a minister of Christ's gospel from the earthly home of the Saviour I urge upon you, the people of a Christian country, to take an active role in the establishment of peace."

Said Mr. T. Uwoki of Japan: "The world war was a shock to Christians and non-Christians of Japan alike. It showed that Christianity had turned out to be just a national religion and the Church a servant of the state. To make Japan a supporter of the peace movement show us a beautiful example and the task is half done."

Of Will Irwin, Manley Hudson, Edward Cummings and others we will give an account later.

I believe that Victor Hugo whom Governor Sweet quoted was right: "There is one thing stronger than an army and that is an idea whose time has come."

The hour of the idea of organizing the world for justice and peace and liberty has come. It will not win in a night. It will not create Utopia when it wins. But by steady persistent work through the years and with the help of Almighty God, it will win out at last.

On the Pennsylvania Express, Nov. 15, 1923.

The Need of More Thought on the Future Life

Daniel Evans

WE are not wont in our day to think much or often of the future life. Once the wise man's thought was largely a meditation on death, but in modern times the thought of men is pretty accurately expressed by Spinoza, who said the wise man thinks little of death, but much of life. This marks a tremendous change in men's attitude toward the present life and the future. Once Christians were eager and elated in their anticipation of heaven, now they are hesitant, in no hurry, and reluctant to leave earth. An English bishop was recently upon the edge of a nervous breakdown. His physician told him he must give up his work, and seek rest and recuperation in Algiers. The Bishop said he could not do that. The physician replied, "Bishop, it is either Algiers or heaven." The Bishop said: "I'll go to Algiers then." The story hits off very well our "diesseits-region," our this-world religion. Ministers preach infrequently on the future life; theologians meditate on it less than their predecessors, the average Christian not often, and the man of the world hardly at all.

Certainly life here and now is marvelously rich in its experience, profoundly significant, full of insistent duties, imperative in its challenge to work while it is day, and infinitely valuable for the making of the soul. We have gained much in this change of attitude. But we have also lost much, and we need to recover interest in the future life, think more often and deeply upon it, and let it have its great place and purifying influence in our lives. And this new interest should be manifest on more occasions than at Easter.

Now the deeper experiences and the critical events in our lives give the occasion for thought on the future life. The passing of dear friends and loved ones compels meditation on death and the eternal world. If and when they travel to some foreign land, their presence there gives us a new interest in the place. Any mention of or reference to the place, in newspaper, book, or speech, makes the place of interest to us at once because they are there. Our very knowledge of geography is increased. In like manner, if and when our friends and loved ones pass out from this world, and are beyond our grasp, and removed from our fellowship, we can not but become, at least, curious, and at most, very much interested in their destiny, their condition, and their new experiences. The very thought of immortality is entwined about the heart-strings of friends and lovers. The flame of the immortal hope is lit by fire from the hearth.

We raise once more in a vital and insistent way the ever-recurrent questions of death and immortality. Do these friends and loved ones continue to live in their own individuality, with all their distinctness of being, individual character, and peculiar charm? Do the rich and glorious experiences of life, here and now, and intimate relations of soul in love and friendship, mean much and intensely in the future life, and do our friendships and love-relations continue? Is love undying and friendship enduring?

On grounds of experience, the vitality of the hope, the altruistic nature of the desire, purposefulness of life, the dramatic movement of evolution, the rationality of the world, the faith of Christ and other great souls, and the very being and character of God, the answers we give to these questions are that our friends and loved ones continue their own individual lives, that all that was richly human in them remains, that there as here love and friendship are the great values of life, that earth's severed relations are reknit in heaven. We can and should live in the three great abiding attitudes and activities of soul, in faith, hope and love.

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Wooden Man

AS the Sabbath Day draweth nigh unto its close, there come unto us week by week the daughter of Keturah and her husband and their Three Children, even the daughter of the daughter of Keturah, and her younger brother and their little sister. And the daughter of the daughter of Keturah sitteth beside me in a Big Chair.

And her brother buildeth a Church out of Blocks. And their little sister doeth what she liketh, and it is not always the same thing.

And it came to pass on a day that she found a small basket of blocks, and she brought them unto me. And some of them were Alphabet Blocks. But there were also certain Blocks with Dowel Pins, which were to be Fitted Together unto the semblance of a Man. And he had a Round Block of a Head, and a Pot Belly, and his Legs were like Posts. And all these came apart, and lay in the Basket. And she found the Head and the Body, and she thought that the Dowel Pin on the one part was made to fit into some place upon the other, and that her Grandsire would know how it ought to go. Now her Grandsire knew only that that was a toy which the older grandchildren had cast aside, but which Keturah had kept in the Basket. But he had no difficulty in fitting the two together, so that there was a head and a body, but there were no arms and no legs, neither was the Hat yet in its place. But there was one Green Button that stuck in an hole where an Eye was to be. And I looked in the Basket, and I found another Green Button. And I put that in the place of the other Eye.

Now when I gave this unto the little maiden, who is not yet Two Years old, behold, she gave a Little Cry of Joy, and she cried, Dolly, and she kissed it.

Now the thing she kissed was not the actual wooden blockhead that had only two pieces of its Anatomy and two Green Buttons. What she kissed was her discovery that the Wooden Blocks had an Human Value. It came unto her suddenly that these Blocks were for the Building of an Human Thing. And even as the Ancient Philosophers talked in the Latin Tongue of Building Hercules from his Foot, so did she find that these Grotesque Wooden Blocks had a Meaning in a thing that was Life Like and of Human Significance.

Beloved, it is a wondrous thing to behold the face of a Little Child when she maketh an Elemental Discovery. There is a Light that Dawneth in the Countenance that never was on Sea or Land but only in the face of a Child.

But now and then as I behold the investigations of Great Men and How they explore the Secrets of Khemistry and the Celestial Diameters of Astronomy and the Composition of the Atom, I find them, also, making the sudden discovery which came unto the Little Maiden. For Aristotle was right when he said that Man himself is the Measure of all things. And the Little Maiden is a Philosopher.

And so is the daughter of the daughter of Keturah.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A FLOATING PALACE*

James T. Nichols is a minister of the Church of the Disciples, who is an indefatigable traveler. He writes for *People's Popular Monthly* and for Mr. Meredith's agricultural papers. He is his own publisher and has already brought out several books, among which are "Birds Eye Views of Far Lands," in two volumes.

The book just issued is the story of a cruise on "The Empress of France," and the chapters appeared as magazine articles. He expressly disclaims any literary merit and writes, he says, not for scholars, but for the common people. This book describes visits "to thirty great foreign cities in fifteen countries on four continents." "In all the author traveled almost 40,000 miles on this world journey."

Mr. Nichols believes that facts are the most interesting things in the world and he packs his book with them. For example, there were 810 passengers and 600 passengers and 600 members of the crew and the cruise lasted four months. "It took thirty-six cooks, twelve bakers and seven butchers to get our food ready, and when this was ready it took eighty-four of our one hundred and ninety stewards to wait on the company.

"We started from New York with eighty-five thousand pounds of fresh beef, thirty-six thousand pounds of mutton, twenty-six thousand pounds of bacon, twenty thousand pounds of fresh pork, ten thousand pounds of veal and twenty thousand pounds of cured ham. Thirty-one thousand chickens, twelve thousand capons, six thousand ducks, five thousand geese," and so on with the figures for turkeys, quail, grouse, partridges, hares, oxtails, ox kidneys, canned ox tongues, eggs, butter, ice cream powder, milk, cream and all kinds of vegetables and "at almost every port refrigerators and pantries were stocked up."

Thus Mr. Nichols goes after the facts and sets them down. He tells them in an interesting way. His book gives a bird'seye view of the world in which we live. Already agents are busy selling it through the Middle West.

* * *

TWO TRADITIONS

As I see the situation in our Western world, an irreconcilable conflict is on between two traditions. From the days of the caveman and before the tradition of war has come up among us. Our Western civilization is built on war. Our Western history has seen one war swiftly succeed another. We have bred men for war, trained men for war; we have glorified war; we have made warriors our heroes, and even in our churches we have put battle flags beside the Cross. But nearly two thousand years ago a new tradition came into our Western world. It was not war, but love. Its symbol was not a sword, but the Cross. Its voice was not a battle cry, but "God so loved the world," and at the head of it stood a personality that has captured the choicest aspirations and loyalties of the race, saying, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

For nearly two thousand years we have been trying to make these two traditions coalesce, and so well have we succeeded in blending Christ and carnage, the Gospel and organized slaughter, that only a few weeks ago a visitor in an Oriental country, after an address on Christian good-will, was taken aside by a native who said, "You must know that the educated people of this country look upon Christianity as a warring, blood-spilling religion." Never in the history of Christendom was a more clear-cut and crucial issue than this. We can not go on blending those two alien traditions any more. It is God or Baal. It is not a question of Christ and war; it is a question of Christ or war.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick at Springfield.*

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*Around the World on a Floating Palace. Illustrated. James T. Nichols. Nichols Book & Travel Co. University Place Station, Des Moines, Iowa. $2.25 postpaid.

Home and Children

LAID UP FOR YOU

Anna Nelson Reed

Perhaps they're keeping, up in Heaven, something for you alone,
Something that's not to others given, nor e'en to others shown,
Something that's guarded sacredly against the time you come,
That in your "mansion" there may be a tender touch of home!

There you may find the love you lost, or that you sought in vain,
The strength through weakness won, at cost of struggle and of pain;
The joy you missed, the hope fulfilled (that thwarted hope you knew),
The ecstasy that never thrilled the inmost heart of you!

If these indeed are yours by right, a right not forfeited,
They may, revealed by Heavenly light, when men say "He is dead,"
Shine forth unto your seeking soul, eager to be possessed,
Those dreams denied, that longed for goal, at last made manifest!

* * *

THE RAG DOLL

EDITH MAY stood by the window and looked out into the bright sunshine. Her face, usually so bright and happy, was drawn into an ugly frown. It was Edith May's birthday, and she had wished for a large doll with long brown curls like Edytha's. Edytha lived next door, and the little girls had wonderful times playing on the lawn in the summer time, or giving little tea parties and making dresses for their dolls when it was too cold to play outdoors.

She turned away from the window to look at the lovely gifts she had received. There was a little ivory bed with brass ornaments for Lady Jane, a doll buggy for the Campbell twins, a little trunk of pretty clothes for Rosebud and a new sailor suit for Jimmy. Then there was an automobile and a tricycle for use out of doors, besides many small gifts from her little friends.

"I am sorry, dear, that you are disappointed," said mother. "But you have so many pretty dolls that father and I decided on other things, and I am sure Lady Jane is much larger than Edytha's dolly and just as pretty."

"I wanted brown curls," Edith May pouted. "Lady Jane has horrid old yellow hair," and she pulled one of the doll's flaxen curls.

"I'm afraid I have a very naughty little girl, but isn't Uncle Guy coming in at the big gate?" said mother.

Edith May began to feel ashamed of herself when she heard Uncle Guy's hearty laugh in the hall.

In a few minutes he came into the room. "Good morning, little Sunshine, and a happy birthday to you. Well, well, what's the trouble? Looks as if the raindrops were about to fall."

Edith May hung her head and did not say anything. Under Uncle Guy's kind looks and smile her troubles were beginning to look very small.

Many a little child in the hospital wards waited eagerly for that same kind smile, and pain was forgotten for a while when they listened to his cheerful words.

Mother looked at Edith May and then showed Uncle Guy the pretty toys and explained the trouble. She laid Lady Jane in his arms. "Do you think brown curls would be prettier?"

"No, indeed," Uncle Guy answered. "I prefer children that have hair like sunshine. How many children have you, May Day? Is this dolly with the yellow curls Lady Jane?"

"Yes," answered Edith May slowly, "and there are Rosebud; the twins, Jack and Jill; the sailor boy, Jimmy; and baby Evelyn in the crib."

"You're just like 'the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do.' How would you like just one dolly?"

"O Uncle Guy, you are joking! How could a little girl play with just one doll?"

"Ask mother if you may go with me on one of my calls," said Uncle Guy, "and I will show you the sweetest doll in the world."

Mother brought Edith May's hat, and soon the little girl was seated beside Uncle Guy in his car.

Past the large houses with beautiful lawns and flowers they drove till the houses began to get smaller and smaller. At last they stopped in front of a tiny white house not much larger than a doll house, Edith May thought. They followed the little path that led to the front door, and Uncle Guy knocked. It was opened by a lady who welcomed them with a sweet smile.

"How do you do, Mrs. Linley? This is my little niece. I brought her to see Patsy."

Mrs. Linley laughed and said it was kind of Dr. Grey to bring a visitor to see Hilda and Patsy. Then she led them into a tiny room that was very clean and nearly filled with flowers and plants of the simple, old-fashioned kind. In a wheel chair sat a little girl about the age of Edith May.

The child held a bundle clasped tight in her arms, and her little pale face was lighted up with a smile as she held out her hand to Dr. Grey.

"And this is Patsy," said Uncle Guy, taking the bundle from her arms.

Hilda watched him with proud eyes while he unwrapped a little faded shawl from a large rag doll. One embroidered eye was larger than the other; the nose was slightly out of place, and the mouth was very large; but Hilda hugged the dolly close when Uncle Guy gave it back to her.

As they were speeding homeward Edith May touched Uncle Guy's arm. He looked down into her eager little face. "Uncle Guy, I am going to send Lady Jane to Hilda."

"No, Sunshine, that would hurt her feelings, for no doll could be so beautiful to her as Patsy. But, as Lady Jane already has a comfortable bed, you might send Hilda the new one."

Edith May sighed just a tiny sigh, for the new bed was beautiful. But the next day a large box filled with many things besides the bed found its way to Hilda's home.

When Uncle Guy told her of the joy in that cottage, she thought of the rag doll's queer little face and hugged Lady Jane tight in her arms as she whispered in her waxen ear, "I love yellow curls better'n anything."—*Stella Hugus Peterson, in Youth's Companion.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

W. N. M. A. BANQUET

On the evening of Saturday, Oct. 27, in one of the beautiful downstairs parlors of the Biltmore Hotel, occurred the women's and girls' banquet, for us the social and inspirational climax of the Providence Convention.

At the speakers' table sat the speakers and the members of the newly elected Executive Board, including, in the places of honor, our president *emeritus*, Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby, and the speaker of the occasion, Miss Alma J. Noble of Buffalo, N. Y., superintendent of the World Wide Guild, the young women's missionary organization of the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Harry W. Reed of Watertown, N. Y., our toastmistress, introduced the toasts with apt and appropriate pleasantries. "As this is a love feast," she said, "we shall start with a valentine." Thus she introduced Mrs. James W. Vallentyne of Oak Park, Ill., who spoke inspiringly of "Our Work," the need of it, and especially the joy of it.

Mrs. Marion D. Shutter of Minnesota brought us some of the inspiration of the West in a talk on possibilities at the Clara Barton Memorial..

After an exquisite rendition of "Whispering Hope" by Mrs. John Smith Lowe and Mrs. Wm. H. McGlauflin, Mrs. Reed introduced Miss Noble with the story of the small son of a Baptist minister, who, having eagerly watched an immersion in his father's church, attempted to administer the rite to his kitten. When the creature, successfully resisting, struggled out of the bath-tub, in hasty retreat, the little boy, in disgust shouted after him, "Well, be a Universalist if you want to."

Miss Noble crowned our evening with a most inspiring plea for continued and increasing work among our young women who are or may be members of the Clara Barton Guild. She lauded the literature and the other work of our beloved Miss Andrews, and told of the growth and accomplishment of her own World Wide Guild, and of the wonderful source of inspiration and development it has become to the young women of the Baptist Church.

"We are apt to think that our girls are frivolous. Youth is always frivolous. Don't think because of that that our girls are not religious, not capable of seriousness and service. The trouble is that we don't give them big and important enough things to do. We want to keep all these things for ourselves. When we make our young people's program big enough, we need not fear that they will not respond."

Miss Noble's splendid challenge was followed by a talk on "Living Memorials" by Miss Lynda Billings of Little Falls, N. Y., our youngest state chairman of Clara Barton Guilds, herself a living memorial to her saintly grandmother, Mrs. Lucy Bucklin, one of the pioneers of the Women's Centenary Association more than fifty years ago.

Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, on furlough from Japan, told us of our girls in Japan, how like they are to the girls of America, how they too have learned the meaning of service and how they too love to serve.

Last but not least was a greeting and benediction from our dear Mother Quinby, who told us of her joy in seeing the fruition of so much of the seed planted with labor and travail of body and spirit in the days of her youth. We all rose to express our love and reverence for her and for Mrs. Manning, Stanley's mother, the oldest in point of membership, though not of years, of the many who thronged the room.

After one stanza of "Blest be the tie that binds," we separated to find the day grown old indeed, but our hearts grown young and jubilant with the joy of comradeship in the love and service of our Father, God, of our Brother, Man, and of our Master and Teacher, Jesus Christ.

Maude Lyon Cary.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THERE WAS A HERO

In our midst there lived a hero, a hero of faith, a hero of hope, a hero of love. Frederick Adelbert Bisbee, sorely smitten and sadly handicapped, had sufficient excuse for resigning himself to a life of idleness, complaint and dependence. Many men of less noble fiber, in like circumstances have concentrated their minds upon their sufferings and the injustices of fate; but our dear friend, now promoted, had no time for faltering or for pity of self. He had truth to speak and he spoke it without counting the cost. He had work to perform and he did it with persistent courage and good cheer. Thousands of lives made richer and sweeter by his message and his ministry now bear witness to his devotion and power.

There is no one who can say what great service this rare seer might have rendered had he been as strong in body as he was robust in mind and spirit; but it is doubtful if he could have done as much as he has by setting for us all an example of perseverance under difficulty, of consecration in spite of weakness and pain. To his utterance belonged the peculiar unction that comes with triumph over self.

How cheerful he was through distress of body and distress of mind! How he smiled day by day, as with great struggle he came to the dear place of labor! With what whimsical wisdom he wrote and spoke even when on a front porch he had his only desk and his only pulpit!

I wish that our Sunday school workers could have known better this Christian who loved all children and who was the friend of all who worked for the future. He would have inspired them by what he said; but he would have helped them more by what he was.

Happily those who were associated with this hero of our gospel were not blind to his example. More than one man, serving faithfully, has said to me, "I would be ashamed to give much thought to my little pains and my little disadvantages when I remember what Frederick Bisbee has endured and accomplished." He made our common difficulties seem trivial indeed and rendered it impossible for us to whimper or give up.

It is fine that we told him, while he was yet among us, that we admired him and loved him. Too often we are dilatory and timid in expressing our gratitude for those who lead us, reserving our praise until eyes are dull and ears are deaf; but this friend has been assured that we saw and understood, and in our affection he was glad. He wished no adulation, but he rejoiced that he had inspired men of stronger physique to go forth and do their best.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The Sojourner.

* *

DECEMBER, A MONTH FOR CHRISTIAN SPIRIT

Beginning with Golden Rule Sunday (which none of us should forget) December will bring us unusual lessons in good cheer and good will. All the suggestions in our superintendents' note-books are intended to lead to a Christian Christmas. We trust that all our schools are considering favorably the excellent program which has come from the fertile pen of Rev. A. Gertrude Earle. If any friends have failed to receive copies, they may have them by applying to our home office. The supplies for the Near East offering have been mailed and should now be in the hands of all superintendents.

* *

FIELD WORK

Dr. Huntley and Miss Slaughter have been working among schools in Massachusetts since the Providence Convention and are to go to Maine for ten days early in December. After the New Year, they plan to go farther afield. It is expected that Rev. Lucy Markley will render important service for the General Association in the Middle West.

Young People's Christian Union

THE "LIBERTY CLAUSE" AND THE "PROGRAM" AT PROVIDENCE

"Where is my vest?" inquired the absent-minded one, as he hunted in frantic haste to catch a train. "You have it on," said his helpful friend. "Thanks. I'm so glad you told me, otherwise I'd have had to leave without it."

Perhaps it seems to some as though our young people in seeking to learn Universalism's redefined attitude before continuing ahead, are much like the above victim. In a way it is true. We already have much of what we are urgently asking for. We could go on, feeling without it, but having it just the same. And the assurance of some friend as to our possession of it would make us relievedly thankful.

We have the bravely broad Winchester statement of faith, and the more concise essential principles, all subject to the wisely worded "Liberty Clause." We have the life, example, and teaching of Jesus. We have his "Golden Rule" and "Lord's Prayer" and all lse. We are ready to go. What holds us back but a little friendly assurance as to our equipment?

T ose things which will quickest impel our ardent youth on its road to the highest ideal are important above all equipment, mental, moral and spiritual. They are: assurance, encouragement, appreciation, commendation, and, as far as possible, co-operation. Without them, youth will wander, even race, in the wrong direction. For youth as ever is impatient, eager, earless of hatever consequences. Youth must act if not in praiseworthy ways then n ways that wi l bri g notice of another kind.

Over c untless ages of inherited animal feelings and instincts, a th n shell of civilzy only a few thousand years thick has been laid. A mere veneer of all that is finest and best, polished off with Christian principles. A sufficient shell yet to hold and stiffen ideals. A chief ideal of youth is fairness, shown in its play, its appreciations, its ambitions. Fairness to concede, fairness to receive. And when merited reward is withheld, so close is fairness to selfishness, the thin partition crumbles, and youth takes that path where self can be gratified rather than sublimated.

Youth is bold for its ideals, and willingly more than fair. But when rewarded only and often with indifference and even scorn, then it turns inward and accepts instead any established recompense.

Here is John, he wants to be a doctor and cure the ills of humanity. Or an engineer, and do humanity's work. Or a minister, and direct their lives. But those a direct authority over him have seen doctors give freely of self, even to the grave. Have seen engineers shut away for years from society's glitter, and ministers of men giving so little thought to self that even earthly possessions are in lack. Farsightedness for humanity's sake, and the genuine reward of satisfaction in service, are ignored, and John is ridiculed away from his ideals. A determination to make himself important comes, and he enters the service of money, or of acclaim—or of pomp and title. And who is to blame, they who measure success by such standards? Maybe. But certainly we are more to blame if we let such things persist.

To-day youth wants assurance that it can use to full possibility this constructive, progressive, positive religion that it inherits through our Universalist faith. Youth may not know this religion's full import, nor that itself is really religious. Nor perhaps need it care. But youth does know, for it is not blind, that its present world is full of disease, material, mental, spiritual. It knows that constant effort and sacrifice are devoted to cure these left over evils. Beyond this, though, youth knows by some spiritual instinct that there is by far a better way than cure to rid this old world of its pains. It has deep belief that the real way lies through construction that shall prevent. So shape earthly conditions that everybody shall have an equal chance. So care for everybody that fair and full mental and spiritual development of each is assured, and the kingdom of God on earth for which we pray becomes possible.

While right construction progresses for building the only safe future, cures of the results of past mismanagement must be maintained. All the energy of us all will be none too much for the combined task. With God's help, here is where the positive spirit of Christianity must work to the utmost.

If youth, and youth to come, is going to enter into full stewardship, and acknowledge as a fact full responsibility to God, it rests with us here and now to keep this required energy away from selfish channels, away from hate, greed and jealousy and such self-destructive paths, and direct it into the way it would so willingly take if smoothed even a little by honest approval. Here as everywhere if we truly believe in God, we must apply the Golden Rule. And with it, render unto them the only thing we can not render unto ourselves, true appreciation.

E. C. M.

For the Quiet Hour

Our lives are not, then, the sport of fate and circumstance. All shall come to pass in God's good time, or with His wise permission. The woodman knows how trees of different species must be felled at various seasons; it is best that some should be cut down with the fresh leaves of spring upon them, that the axe should smite others whilst they are robed in summer's pomp, whilst a third kind must fall when the sap dies down in autumn and the leaves are tinged with the colors of decay. The forester knows when to smite the forest glories; and there is One who knows why some human lives cease in their sweet spring, why others perish in manhood's pride, and why, again, others survive to patriarchal years.

William L. Watkinson.

Forgiveness, then, is possible if we have a heavenly Father, and if sin is sin against Him. The possibility of it can be questioned only by those who do not believe in a living God, with whom men have personal relations, or whose God is not the father of spirits, but only the unity of all the laws of nature.

James Denney.

The voice of all experience of earthly loss and bitterness is, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get Wisdom." God Himself becomes our Schoolmaster, and through the voice of the human teacher we hear His deeper tones saying, "My son, despise not the chastening."

Alexander Maclaren.

Love met us and prepared the way when we came into this life. Love meets us when we pass into the next life and prepares the way. Death, then, is only an incident in the existence of an immortal spirit. It is a passage from a lower to a higher phase of our continuous life. And all the successive phases of this life of ours are comprised in the divine thought, and are gathered up in one great plan of love and wisdom.

Borden P. Bowne.

If the Spirit of God be our teacher, we shall learn to avoid evil and to do good, to be wise and to be holy, to be profitable and careful; and they that walk in this way shall find more peace in their consciences, more skill in the Scriptures, more satisfaction in their doubts, than can be obtained by all the polemical and impertinent disputations of the world.

Jeremy Taylor.

If they bring into the common experience of human life a Christian heart; if they use the opportunities they have; if they are watchful to please their Lord in the life of the family, the workshop, the market; if the purifying influence of the faith by which they live comes to light in the sturdy excellence of their character and course; they need have no sense of exclusion from the work of Christ and his Church. They, too, do missionary work. Blameless, harmless, unrebuked, they are seen as lights in the world.

Robert Rainy.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Karl Mathie of Wausau, Wis., has accepted a call from our church in Miami, Florida, and begins work there Dec. 1.

Mrs. I. W. Cate spoke at the Brookline Baptist Church before the Federation of Young Women's Societies of the Boston district, and before the Syrian Mission in Tyler Street upon "Woman's Place in the New Japan." Mrs. Cate is now staying at the American House, Hanover Street, Boston.

Rev. Edward C. Downey, recently minister at Grace Church, Lowell, Mass., has accepted the pastorate of Grace Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Geo. B. Wells, of the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, and Mr. W. H. Luden of Reading, entertained all clergymen in attendance at the funeral of Dr. Bisbee in Philadelphia, at the Manufacturers' Club and at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel respectively.

Rev. Francis A. Gray, D. D., of Bath has accepted a call from the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, and will remove there soon. He is now in the fifth year of the Bath pastorate. He has taken a house at 1305 Eleanor St., Logan, Philadelphia. His predecessors have been Clinton Scott, now at Los Angeles, Cal., as colleague of Dr. Nash, John Clarence Lee, Frederic A. Bisbee, Jos. K. Mason, and a long list of the older men, Nye, Bicknell, Bowles, Moses Ballou, Goodrich, Tillotson, Eddy, Doolittle, Grosh, Burr, Cook, Fuller, Andrews, Stephen R. Smith, Morse and Kneeland, reaching back to Feb. 15, 1820, when the church was started.

Florida

St. Petersburg.—Rev. L. J. Richards, pastor. The regular services of the church at St. Petersburg were resumed the first Sunday in October, after a vacation of three months. Thus nine months of the year were covered; whereas in former years, the pulpit has been filled but four or five months. In winter people from all parts of the United States come to St. Petersburg by the thousands. Many of these have but a vague and distorted idea of the creed and teachings of our church. Therefore right here there seems to be a broad field for missionary work. The pastor extends through the daily papers a cordial invitation and asks the co-operation of all liberal thinkers, whether Universalists, Unitarians or any other denomination, and has met with an encouraging response. Plans are out for the proposed church edifice and the time for starting this building will depend upon the amount of financial support extended to the society. The Sunday school reports progress. The new superintendent, Mrs. Lillian G. Lambert, of Rumford, Maine, has had much experience in this work and is meeting with marked success. Early in December, the Ladies' Aid are to hold a sale of useful and fancy articles. Any contribution, no matter how small, from friends in Northern churches would be greatly appreciated.

Massachusetts

North Orange.—Rev. C. F. McIntire was accorded a glad welcome on taking up the work in this parish Sunday, Nov. 4. The pleasant parsonage had been put in fine condition by the ladies of the society. The congregations thus far have been very satisfactory, an unusually large number being present Nov. 18, which was observed as Rally Day. The annual harvest supper and dance on Nov. 15 attracted many from Athol and Orange. Splendid music, a bountiful supper and a crowd of people assured success. The profit was about $50. Another enthusiastic gathering took place Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, in the parish hall when the comedy-drama, "The Goose Creek Line," was played before a full house.

Georgia

Atlanta.—Rev. Ernest J. Bowden, pastor. The big event of the fall season at the Liberal Christian Church of Atlanta is usually the annual parish meeting and supper, and this year has been no exception to the rule. The meeting held Nov. 9 was well attended and much enjoyed. The supper, prepared by a committee from the Women's Union, was served by girl members of the Young People's Union to about seventy-five persons of all ages. The room was tastefully decorated by a special committee with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. The supper over, Mr. Harding, president of the board of trustees, rose to conduct the business and, after a moment of silent commemoration of Dr. Keirn, called for the reports. The church treasurer reported on the financial state of the church, then Dr. Bowden gave a talk on conditions in the parish and his plans for succeeding months. Reports followed from the Sunday school, Men's Club, Women's Union and Young People's Union. A new feature of the morning service designed by Dr. Bowden to link school with church is the first fifteen minutes of the eleven o'clock service. The school marches in followed by teachers, choir and pastor and takes seats in the front of the church, a familiar hymn is sung, a part of the opening service is read, a brief talk given by the minister on a suitable topic. The Bible Class led by J. P. Faulkner, state director of anti tuberculosis work, is proving more worth while each Sunday.

Michigan

Concord.—Rev. William Couden, pastor. Two new members were recently received into membership and one child was christened.

Horton.—New offering plates have been presented to this church and marked by the donors with the names of four faithful women of this parish who have passed on into the spirit life—Martha Hutchins, Eliza J. Weeks, Maria Eddy, Phebe A. Tripp.

Decatur. — Rev. William Couden preached here Sunday evening, Nov. 11. There was a large attendance. Holy communion was administered, and three members were received into the church by baptism and confirmation.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, who has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Middleport church, left Nov. 21 for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Carritt have made many friends here not only in their own church but in the community as well, and their leaving is a loss to the Middleport church. The men of the village gave a banquet at the hotel in Mr. Carritt's honor. One hundred were present. The Middleport high school orchestra furnished the music. After dinner speeches were made by the president of the village, the principal of the high school and others. Mr. Carritt was given a complete surprise when the toastmaster presented him with a white gold Elgin watch, chain, pencil and a silk umbrella. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Stuart at a dinner party, the boys in Mr. Carritt's Sunday school class presented him with a pair of cuff links, and the girls of Mrs. Carritt's class gave her three silver tablespoons. The church school sent Homer Macomber to Utica to the State Convention, Nov. 11. Rev. R. L. Brooks of Texas occupied the pulpit, Nov. 18, Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., State Superintendent, preached, and Nov. 25 Mrs. Niels S. Nickelsen of Brooklyn occupied the pulpit.

Pennsylvania

Smithton.—The Ladies' Aid Society is planning a bazar to be held on Dec. 8 for the benefit of the Sunday school. Mrs. Jennie Young, the president of the society, will be very grateful for any contributions which may be sent her to aid this small and struggling society.

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MR. LEAVITT TO STAY IN WORCESTER

A citizen of Worcester has contributed the following with the remark that he felt moved to tell the story as his pastor was "too modest to do it:"

Rev. Fenwick L. Leavitt, pastor of All Souls Church for nearly ten years, has declined a call to become pastor of the

Church of the Redeemer, Bridgeport, Ct., after strong pressure was brought to bear upon him by officials of the Worcester church to mreain in his present pastorate.

Following a conference with the trustees of the church, Mr. Leavitt consented to remain for another five years. The officials had hoped he would say he would remain ten years more, as there is plenty of work for him to do at the church yet unfinished which he had started.

News of his consent to remain at All Souls was received with intense enthusiasm by every member of the church, owing to his extreme popularity, not only among the members of his own church but the Worcester Rotary Club of which he is secretary, and among people of other denominations.

It can safely be said that Mr. Leavitt's quiet ways and genial manner have made for him a friendship that extends to all sections, and without doubt he is one of the best beloved ministers in this city to-day. Word of his decision to remain at All Souls Church was received with pleasure by the Rotary Club, and at a recent meeting the club members made known their feelings by giving the popular "parson" one of the largest and noisiest demonstrations ever known to be given a Rotary member.

Mr. Leavitt is a native of Livermore, Me., and was graduated from the public schools in Auburn, Nichols Latin School of Lewiston and Tufts Divinity School, class of 1897. He also took special courses at Tufts College, Harvard and Emerson Schools of oratory.

He married the daughter of the Hon. J. P. Hutchinson of Auburn, Me., and soon after his marriage was selected from the divinity school to do missionary work in the South. He was located for five years in Alabama and Florida, being the first pastor of the Brewton church, and during his five years in the South he was instrumental in building a church in Pensacola, Fla.

He has also held pastorates in Woodville, N. H., at Bellows Falls, Vt., where he remained six years, during which time he doubled the membership of the church and placed fourteen memorial windows. From Bellows Falls he went to Portland, Me., as pastor of Woodfords church, and then came to Worcester Feb. 1, 1914, succeeding Rev. William J. Taylor of Chicago. Since his Worcester pastorate, Mr. Leavitt has increased the membership of the church as well as adding new social events to the life of the church.

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THE ASSOCIATION OF THE LARGER HOPE

The Association of the Larger Hope held its fall session in the Outlaws Bridge church Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17 and 18.

Rev. L. P. Jones preached the opening sermon at 11 a. m. on "Choosing Destiny." Rev. Dwight A. Ball gave a timely address on some of the things that were of special interest to us from the General Convention sessions at Providence.

The report of the pastors concerning the finding of the Constitution and Profession of Faith of the Southern Universalist Convention organized at Kenansville, N. C., was followed by some explanation. This document is dated June 3, 1827, and has the names of fifty-eight men who "first came out against opposition and persecution to stand for this Faith."

Kenansville is in Duplin County, of which Sampson County was at that time a part—and is within the present territory of the Association of the Larger Hope.

There was suggestion made that the one hundredth anniversary be celebrated in an appropriate manner, and perhaps by the revival of the Southern Universalist Convention to meet on the alternate years with the General Convention, but holding our own meetings in the South.

Resolution was passed that we prepare and submit to the annual meeting of this Association a memorial to the General Convention to accept the invitation of Chattanooga to hold the session of 1925 in that city.

The proposition that we build a parish hall as an addition to the Clinton parsonage and church was considered informally and approved. The purpose of this hall is to further equip the Clinton church as the headquarters of the Association, and afford a suitable place to serve the meals during convention and association sessions and rallies and also to afford room for a public library and reading room under full ownership and control of our church, and to give space on Saturdays for our rummage sales.

While no action was taken the pastors were advised to announce to the Association on Sunday that the hall would be built as soon as the contractor could get ready for it.

Dr. McNairy of the Casewell Training school, an alienist of repute, gave a most valuable lecture at 11 a. m. Sunday on "The Power of the Blood."

At two o'clock, Mrs. Jones preached on "The Meaning of Church Membership," and Mr. Homer Mask followed with an address especially to the young people. Three adults, two women and one man, joined the Outlaws Bridge church.

Five of the six churches were represented and the Sunday attendance filled the church.

The Assocation is increasing in interest all the time and the outlook for the churches is improving at each meeting—reports thus far for the first two months of the new Convention year indicate encouraging gains over last year.

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CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 798. Concord, Mich., 1. Newbern, N. C., 1. Total, 800.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,549
Burrus Memorial, Miss.	27
Chapman, Ala.	2
Concord, Mich.	2
Decatur, Mich.	3
Total	1,583

* *

CHRISTMAS IN THE YEAR ONE

A Christmas Allegory by Rev. Harold W. Haynes. Attractively printed in 18 p. booklet with illuminated cover. In envelope. Price 50 cents. Order of Universalist Publishing House.

* *

BOOK NOTICES

"Whistling Rock," by Edna A. Brown, is a charming story for little girls, all about an adventurous summer spent on an island full of odd playmates and exciting places to play in. There is a good deal about boats and fishes and beaches and lighthouses which will be sure to please every child who likes to hear about the shore. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.50.

The Third Crusade is a good background for a historical story and is used to good advantage in "The Young Crusader," by Walter Scott Story. It is a well-told version of the old story of the young minstrel who rescued Richard Coeur de Lion from imprisonment and in other ways rendered great service to that very brave and beloved king. The author has closely followed history and legend. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.50.

"The Adventures of the Ink Spots" is a whimsical story of a family of Red Ink spots and a family of Black Ink Spots who escape from the Professor's ink-bottles and run away to have a picnic in Mother Goose Garden with all the well-known characters who belong there. There are pen-and-ink drawings for every page by L. J. Bridgman which help to make this book a very delightful one for little children. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.50.

The newest Dorothy Dainty book is "Dorothy Dainty's Castle," and the castle, an old stone stable transfigured by a drawbridge and other medieval touches, serves as a glorious playground for Dorothy and her friends. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.25.

A book that will serve to make Roman history fascinating for boys from twelve to sixteen is "With Caesar's Legions," by R. F. Wells. It is the story of two boys who enrolled with the Twelfth Legion and took part in Caesar's famous campaigns. The great general is made to seem like a real person of the sort that boys most admire. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.50.

"Puzzling Pepita" is a little girl who has an American father but starts growing up in Seville in the family of her Spanish

mother who died when she was four. A little later, when she is eleven, she is sent to America to an aunt in Portsmouth, N. H., and the rest of the book is the story of her adjustment to her new environment. It is a happy and interesting story for girls from ten to fourteen, by one of their favorite authors, Nina Rhoades. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.50.

"The King's Powder" is a story of the American Revolution by Albertus T. Dudley, in which the leading characters are two boys who render a service at Bunker Hill that wins the approval of Washington himself. The history is accurate and the adventures exciting. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.75.

Grace May North has written another Adela Doring book, "Adele Doring at Vineyard Valley," in which she takes her heroine through a period of stress from which she emerges with flying colors. Girls from fourteen to seventeen who have been previously acquainted with Adele Doring will be anxious to have this new story. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $1.75.

"With the Movie Makers." By John Amid.

There is no subject in the world more fascinating than motion-pictures. The glamor of a trip behind the scenes is given in this book, by a man who knows all the ins and outs of the motion-picture game from personal experience. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.50.

"Four Cousins." Translated from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer. By Emilie Poulsson.

A good grandmother in Norway was lonely and found life dull. So she wrote to her four daughters—one in Sweden, one in South Germany, one in a Norwegian city home, and one far up in the mountains—that each must send a child to stay for a year. The book tells the story of their year together. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.75.

"The Iroquois Scout." By D. Lange.

Professor Lange's "Indian Stories" are well known. This one is in the time of the Revolutionary War. The scene is laid in the valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk, touching West Point and Fort Niagara. The outstanding figures are Ganadoga, a young Iroquois scout of the Oneida tribe, the only tribe of the Six Nations that remained friendly to the Americans, and two lads of the Hudson Valley. The story also strongly brings out the heroic character of Washington. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.50.

"The Boy with the U. S. Diplomats." By Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

This book deals with the vast issues that shake the world, and the part played therein by the diplomats of the United States. All issues dealing directly with the World War have been omitted, and the interest is centered on strange developments in the South Seas, on mysterious doings in Haiti, on unexploited oil-fields—more dramatic, to-day, than the gold-fields of the Forty-Niners—on the rescuing of ruined peoples, and on the wild adventurings of those most mysterious of all beings—Political Agents. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.75.

Notices

CONNECTICUT FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Edward A. Lewis, having accepted a call to the pastorate of the Stamford church, is accepted in fellowship of the Connecticut Universalist Convention on letter of transfer from the Iowa Convention.

A. N. Foster, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A meeting of the New York State fellowship Committee will be held at the parish house at Utica, Monday, Dec. 10, 1923, at one p. m., for the purpose of examining Emerson Hugh Lalone of Brooklyn with a view to ordination.

George H. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Nov. 12, 1923, lay license granted to Raymond A. Goodspeed of Rutland, Vt. Lay license granted to H. A. Farrar of West Charleston, Vt. Rev. C. F. McIntire transferred to Massachusetts subject to action of that Committee.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of license for one year has been granted to Rev. William G. Stockton, pastor-elect at New Madison, Ohio.

The ordination of Rev. John M. Fogelsong has been authorized. The ordination service will be held at Bryan, Ohio, Sunday, Nov. 25.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

Obituary

Mrs. George H. Lawrence

Mrs. Clara Anna Lawrence, wife of Deacon George H. Lawrence, was born in Cambridge in 1850, and died there Nov. 10, 1923. A life long Universalist, she was deeply interested in all departments of the First Universalist Church, but especially in the Sunday school and the Women's Mission Circle. For many years Mrs. Lawrence taught a class of young women, to whom she gave much by both example and precept. She is survived by her husband and a daughter, Mrs. Endicott Mareau. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson conducted the funeral service in Mount Auburn Chapel, Tuesday, Nov. 1.

Mrs. Sarah Caroline McMichen

On Friday, Nov. 16, at Cartersville, Ga., occurred the death of Mrs. Sarah Caroline McMichen, for fifty years a member of the Universalist Church. She leaves a husband, ten children (nine of whom attended the funeral), forty-five grandchildren, and fifteen great grandchildren, the majority of whom are members of the Universalist Church.

The funeral was held Sunday, Nov. 19, at the Allatoona Universalist church, and was attended by nearly three hundred relatives and friends. Rev. George A. Gay of Chattanooga, officiated, and a few appropriate words of friendship were spoken by Rev. Mr. McCoy, of the Baptist denomination, who has been a friend of the family for fifty years.

George A. Gay.

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Crackling

Hiram Diggs writes thus to the *Traction Bulletin:* "I received the book you sent me, which is named 'What Makes the Gasoline Engine Go.' I ain't read it yet, because what's the use reading it when I don't care what makes the gasoline engine go as long as it goes which mine don't only occasionally. What I want to know is, 'What Makes the Gasoline Engine Stop?' If you got a book called that send me one. I want to know what makes my gasoline engine stop when everything is O. K. and nothing is the matter." —*Exchange.*

* *

The problem of the modern mother is to have dinner on time for a cook who wants it at five, a son who wants it at six, a daughter who wants it at seven, a husband who wants it at eight, and herself that doesn't want it at all.—*Life.*

* *

"There's a queer disease going around," announced the health officer, "and to put people on their guard I'll just publish the symptoms."

"Nunno, nunno," said his chief. "That is just the way to make them think they have it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* *

"No man is a hero to his valet," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"It's not to be wondered at," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Anybody who wants to be considered a hero ought at least to be man enough to dress himself."—*Washington Star.*

* *

"Yessuh, we shuah has got a fine new minister; you oughter hear him pray."

"Can he pray better than the other one?"

"My, O my, yes; he can ask for things the othah minister never knew de Lawd had."—*Charleston News.*

* *

"Isador," the teacher questioned her new pupil, "are you any relation of Rachel and Benjamin Scrinopski, who were in my classes last term?"

"Yes, ma'am, teacher," beamed the little Hebrew. "I'm their niece and their nephew."—*Exchange.*

* *

"Mamma, have I any children?" asked six-year-old Dorothy.

"Of course not, dear, What do you mean?"

"Well, the preacher spoke in church this morning about children's children, and I wondered if I had any."—*Exchange.*

* *

The clock on St. Mary Magdalen tower was put back an hour on Tuesday, whether purposely or by design we can not say.—*From an Oxford paper.*

* *

"John, what on earth induced you to buy a house in this forsaken district?"

"One of the best men in the business."—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Seeing Straight in the Sunday School

The Observations of Uncle Hezekiah

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